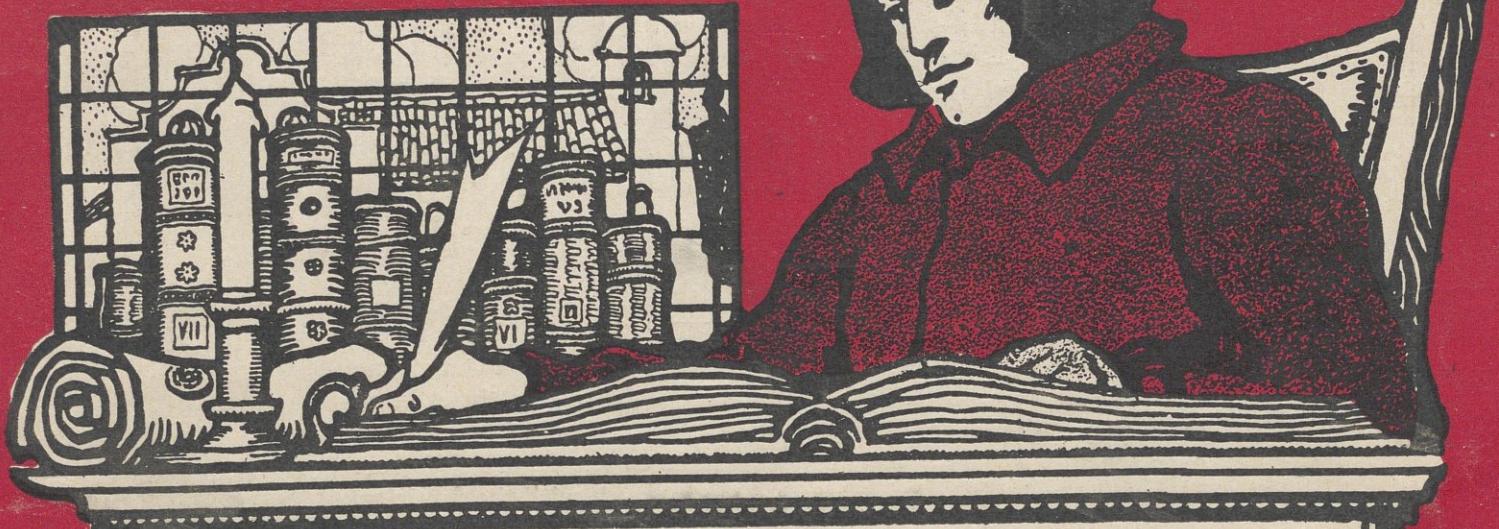


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Twenty-Second Year---June 6, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

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SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER,

Editor and Publisher.

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THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XLI--No. 28

LOS ANGELES, JUNE 6, 1914

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address:

Publication Office: 114 E. Fourth St.
Telephone: Home A 4432.
Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR
RANDOLPH BARTLETT :: :: ASSOCIATE



FREDERICKS AMENABLE TO REASON

HERE was, noticeably, a decided disinclination manifested on the part of Republicans in Southern California to accept as final the statement of Captain J. D. Fredericks that he would not enter the lists as a candidate for the governorship. We joined with others in hoping that the able prosecuting attorney for this county would see his way clear to going before the people at the primary election. His reasons for declining to allow the use of his name did not strike us as convincing. If the San Francisco leaders are grooming a candidate of their own so much the worse for them; it is not their year to do the picking and choosing, but by right of courtesy that privilege belongs south of the Tehachapi. If it is the Old Guard down here that is objecting that clique also is barred by the events that have preceded. Not in its direction lies rehabilitation of the party.

Certain it is that failure to get behind Captain Fredericks or a southern candidate of his equal in mentality and ability to win votes will cost the Republican party in the state the governorship and it might as well order crepe in advance, for with factional contentions among the so-called leaders, as opposed to the beautiful machine-stroke pulled by the Progressive crew, victory lies with the latter beyond the shadow of a doubt. Already, the Johnsonites have the current with them and thus favored it must be a powerful opponent who can hope to overcome the handicap now imposed. We believe Captain Fredericks can come as near as any man in the state to achieving a majority vote next November with the united support of the party leaders, in fact, we regard the odds as slightly in his favor. Not Ralston, nor Keesling, nor Belshaw can compare with Fredericks as a campaigner. Mr. Meserve has many excellent qualities that are in his favor, but in our opinion neither he nor Mr. Chapman could combat the sophistries of Hiram Johnson so successfully as the energetic district attorney of Los Angeles county.

If it is a united call of duty that is needed to project Captain Fredericks into the fight for supremacy there must be quick work done by the counsellors of his party or the lead of the opposition will be so great that not the most cohesive efforts will avail to reduce it. The governor and his state railroad commission chairman are not overlooking a chance to exhibit their virtues and the more they display them the fewer they allow the other fellow; that is characteristic of the true Progressive who is as well satisfied with himself as was his prototype, the

Biblical Pharisee. This is not to say the Progressive is a humbug, for he is far from it, but he is so well aware of his superior qualities that he cannot forbear itemizing them from the house-tops and the louder he cries the dimmer appear the good qualities of all those not affiliated with the Johnson entourage. Yet do we know of fine, clean, wholesome and able men outside the fold who would be a credit to the state at Sacramento and of such Captain J. D. Fredericks certainly is not least.

LATER: Evidently, there has been powerful suasion brought to bear on the Captain, perhaps, alone the lines disclosed above, although that does not appear. At any rate, Fredericks has reconsidered his declination and now announces that he will be a candidate. With that definitively determined harmony of action within the party is the only avenue to success. So far as the north is concerned the more candidates up there the greater the certainty of Fredericks' nomination. What is necessary to that end is an unanimous indorsement this side of the Tehachapi. With this forthcoming we regard his nomination as certain and his election as more than likely.

MORE TRAGIC THAN TITANIC DISASTER

RANKING next to the foundering of the Titanic in loss of life, the sinking of the Empress of Ireland early last Friday morning, within sight of land, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, twelve miles off Father Point, marks a tragedy the like of which one searches in vain for a parallel. Rammed by a heavily laden collier at 2:30 in the morning, which bore down upon the helpless liner in a thick fog, the prow of the Storstad drove through the bulkheads of the stationary vessel inflicting a mortal wound that no human efforts could stem. In fifteen minutes the big steamer of the Canadian Pacific passenger fleet sank like a plummet, carrying to their death in excess of one thousand souls.

Could the collision have been avoided? If the statement of Captain Kendall of the lost boat is corroborated at the investigation proceedings, he did all that a prudent officer could to define his ship's position and avert possible danger. When the fog bank intervened between him and the collier he began sounding the ship's siren at regulation intervals and, in addition, notified the oncoming vessel, by steam signals, of his course. As a last precaution he stopped the engines and lost all headway, meanwhile, sounding the fog siren almost continuously. Despite all this care the worst tragedy known to maritime commerce, a head-on collision in a thick fog, occurred, with the awful result known. Captain Anderson of the Storstad, in his defense, states that the Empress of Ireland's course had been changed after the fog settled and that the signals were misunderstood. He does not explain his apparent excessive rate of speed in the circumstances. His backing away after giving the Empress her coup de grace, he states, was unavoidable, owing to the twisted prow and his own crippled condition.

All this, of course, will be thoroughly sifted at the inquiry and the facts gleaned upon which to base a verdict and impose the blame. Meanwhile, the Storstad has been libelled for her full value by the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, which charges wilful negligence. However, that is a phase of the disaster not of

special interest to the public. What is of greater concern is the loss of so many human lives sent to eternity, hundreds of them, when sleep was heaviest upon them. That so few, comparatively, were picked up by the rescuing boats which reached the scene within twenty minutes after the ship sank, was due, doubtless, to the frightful list of the vessel, rendering it difficult for those on the lower decks to leave their cabins. Dazed by the suddenness of the impact and, perhaps, stopping to huddle on their clothes, they waited too long to get free of their berths and found themselves prisoners. It was a worse fate, even, than that which overtook the Titanic victims who at least, faced death in the open and in gallant company.

Canada mourns the loss of many of her most prominent citizens, extending from Quebec to Vancouver. England also sorrows for the toll she must pay in that many of her brilliant sons and daughters went down with the stricken ship. Among them was the noted histrion, Lawrence Irving, son of his distinguished father, the late Sir Henry Irving, who with his wife fought hard for life, but hopelessly. His body has been recovered, fearfully bruised, and giving evidence of the intensity of his struggles. One feature of the disaster, unpleasant to contemplate, is the charge by surviving passengers that the crew of the Empress fought for positions in the boats to the exclusion of passengers. It is a reflection upon British seamen we are loth to accept, and will not until the charges are fully substantiated at the inquiry. For once, the S. O. S. call proved futile. The floating interval after the collision was all too brief. Again, the northern route receives a staggering blow.

SENATOR PERKINS' PRUDENT PLEA

MARVELOUS! Senator Perkins, so the dispatches state, has joined the majority of the California delegation in attacking the resolution for the repeal of the tolls exemption clause of the canal act. He, too, denounces this "outrage" on our ships. Spoken like an honest man! For "Uncle George" is really interested in our Pacific coast marine and has been for the last forty or fifty years. Whatever a beneficent congress saves the coastwise shipping is money in the senator's pocket. True, it will be taken from the pockets of the people, his constituents, in part, if the tolls are remitted, but that is a deprivation our venerable subsidy seeker will be able to contemplate with equanimity.

Hence, when we find the senior senator from California indulging in rodomontades over the proposed rape of the locks—the Panama ones, not the poet's—a smile of amusement must curl the lips of those who are familiar with the source of Senator Perkins' wealth and realize his peculiar affection for free tolls. We shall await receipt of his speech with impatience. The Congressional Record contains much that is worth while, but we can conceive of few senatorial out-givings better worth reading than the passionate plea of prudent Mr. Perkins for free passage through the canal for his ships. Every \$1.20 a ton saved to him is charged to the people, it is true, but why should a retiring senator hesitate to make so profound a sacrifice?

It is announced that the senate foreign relations committee by a majority vote has adopted the Sutherland resolution directing President Wilson to open negotiations with Great Britain for special arbitration for the Panama tolls dis-

pute. This will not affect the pending repeal resolution. The vote on the latter is now imminent and that it will be favorably considered by a safe majority is indicated. All the perfunctory oratory of the O'Gormans will avail nothing nor yet the partisan patriotism of the minority eagerly seeking for a party issue that will undermine the faith of the country in Mr. Wilson. Truth is, the Republican senators, in the main, are convinced of the soundness of the executive's contentions and their opposition has lacked convincing force from the outset. They have been talking for effect, merely, and the effect has been anything but startling. As for Senator Perkins, his disapproval is the richest joke of the session. We intend to have his speech embalmed along with that beef that figured in the early part of the Cuban war.

MUNICIPAL EXTRAVAGANCE REVEALED

STATISTICS issued from the state controller's office in relation to California municipalities as affecting assessments, bond debt, receipts and disbursements offer interesting study, especially by comparison with last year's figures. In 1912 207 cities reported; this year 203 are included in a possible 231. Assessments in 1912 gave a total of \$1,892,139,439 as against \$1,982,280,735, a gain of \$90,141,000. The bonded indebtedness increased \$18,107,000, the total for 1913 reaching \$101,405,434. In 1912 the receipts from all sources were \$60,557,300, this year \$63,838,310. The disbursements in 1912 were \$53,251,000; this year \$67,089,259, an increase of \$13,838,254.

State Controller Chambers explains that the heavy increase in the disbursements of 1913 over the previous year is due in large measure to the use in 1913 of the proceeds of bond sales perfected in 1912, but the same might be true of any year. The fact that receipts in 1913 exceeded those of 1912 by only three and a quarter millions, while the disbursements were \$10,500,000 greater than the increased income, should give our civic authorities, obsessed with a craze for municipal ownership, pause. This tendency to extravagance is what President Behrens of the California Bankers' Association exclaimed against in his annual address at Oakland last week when he stated that "Each community seems to be vying with the other to see which can build up the biggest debt."

We venture the prediction that the current year will reveal a still greater increase of expenditures over receipts than 1913 has shown. Unless a halt is called on the bond-mad mania, with its concomitant economic waste, the cities of California will be mired so deeply in debt that a long period of business depression, with lagging realty markets, must inevitably ensue. There is only so much money to be had at the financial centers and with our municipalities showing a proneness to duplicate existing semi-public utilities there will come a time when our cash as well as our credit will be exhausted. It looks well in headlines to announce a gain of ninety millions in taxable property, but the analysis of debits and credits is not so alluring. The new tariff is not affecting business detrimentally in anything like the degree that the extravagances of our municipalities are doing. As Bunker Behrens warned his fellow members, "The day of reckoning must come, when trouble will begin." To avoid that unpleasant time and give a fillip to commerce we must cease mortgaging our future for unnecessaries.

BRITAIN'S GREAT PROBLEM

WITH grim humor the cable dispatches from London announce that a beautiful engraving of great value, "Love Wounded," by Bartolozzi, has been hacked to pieces by one of the mentally unbalanced militants, her weapon a hatchet. "Love Wounded," indeed! Rather, done

to its death and by a "young and stylishly gowned" creature who vouchsafes the opinion that the militants have been altogether too "ladylike" in the past. "From now on," this hitherto gentle soul warned her hearers, "we are going to fight." When an attendant sought to restrain her butcheries she turned and rended him, or at least, did him serious damage.

What is to be done to these sweet souls who demolish churches, destroy priceless works of art, revile magistrates, who sentence them all too lightly, and defy the laws individually and collectively? Perhaps, their conduct is intended to coerce a timid government into yielding to their demands, but at the distance of, say, four thousand miles, their claims to be regarded as fit to enjoy the right of suffrage do not appear to be valid. The vandalism chargeable to their antics calls for the harshest reprisals within the law; bread-and-water imprisonment, with hard labor, or committal to insane asylums. We are inclined to believe the latter is the more logical way to protect society from their irrational acts. It is inconceivable that human beings possessed of sound minds would deliberately destroy century-old churches, priceless art works, and otherwise wipe out that which nothing can restore.

Possibly, the women so performing know what they are about, and have properly gauged their menfolk who are treating them so cavalierly, but it seems incredible. The spineless policy of the British government is bearing its sinister fruit. One of these days when Westminster Abbey is destroyed, St. Paul's is demolished, the National Gallery fired and the British Museum in ruins the public will wake up and execrate the ministry whose cowardice paved the way for the undoing of artistic London. Meanwhile, the minor depredations of the militant furies point to the greater crimes suggested. We shall try to receive the news, when it comes, with that degree of composure engendered by a state of preparedness.

PURIFICATION PLANT FOR AQUEDUCT

DISTURBING reports seep in from the Owens River country via Dr. Stanley P. Black, Pasadena's alert health officer, who has just returned from a trip along the aqueduct in company with Dr. Powers, health officer of Los Angeles. According to Dr. Black the city's health conditions will be seriously imperiled if any attempt is made to turn the aqueduct water into the Los Angeles mains without first installing a purification plant at a point contiguous to the aqueduct. Unless drastic steps are taken an epidemic of typhoid may result, is the emphatic warning of the Pasadena health officer.

Dr. Powers, it is said, is fully cognizant of the impending menace and will appear before the water board to explain the situation and suggest a remedy. Dr. Black is quoted as saying that he does not blame the people in the Owens River valley for refusing to drink the river water. "It is dirty and too thick for drinking purposes," is his declaration. He cites the fact that at Bishop, a place of twelve hundred inhabitants, the sewage is cared for in a septic tank and other towns are similarly careless. "The rains," he maintains, "must inevitably carry it down the valley into the aqueduct." He has obtained samples of the Owens River water from various points on the aqueduct which are to be tested by the city chemist. His report, if made public, will be of deep interest to our people.

Coming from so trustworthy a source these warnings are not to be lightly regarded. They confirm what has been said by others that the river water, especially at certain seasons of the year, is subject to noxious discharges that impregnate the stream, rendering it unpotable. This is wholly aside from the alkalai taint alleged. Certainly, the water board cannot afford to take

any chances with the health of Los Angeles. Too much money has been spent on the aqueduct for the water commission to grow niggardly at so inopportune a time. If a large purification plant is advised by Dr. Powers, in conformance with the duty he owes to the community, it will be criminally wrong to ignore his recommendations, in view of Dr. Black's positive statements. Besides, the commercial success of the aqueduct undertaking would be endangered were no attention paid to the warnings of the health officers.

UPHOLDING A SOUND LAW

JUSTICE took a new grip on itself in California when the supreme court, having the Fariss appeal under consideration, held that the killing of a defenseless passenger on a railway train, by an armed robber, can in no sense be viewed as "accidental." This was the tenuous plea of the defendant murderer in an effort to avert the righteous punishment awarded him by the Los Angeles court, in which he was given a fair trial. Considering the cold-blooded manner in which the robber killed his helpless victim, accompanied by a fusillade of oaths, the pretense of "accidental" borders on the grotesque.

That, however, is not the concern of the supreme bench. The sole question is the *prima facie* intent. Given a robber provided with deadly weapons, who kills in the course of his depredations, it is sound law that holds the slayer responsible for whatever occurs. He is not abroad on a peaceable or lawful mission. This is so well established in the English courts and is so universally recognized in all the courts in the United States that one marvels at the presumption of the defendant's counsel in seeking to get a contrary opinion expressed. The housebreaker who robs a place after dark, as contrasted with a daylight thievery, is liable to a much severer penalty, if caught, than in the latter instance, especially if he is armed. If, in the event of resistance to his forcible entry, the robber slays his assailant he cannot plead self-defense or "accidental" killing. He had no right on the premises and his weapon is mute evidence that he intended to use it if necessary. That has been the law for more than a century and the unlawful occupation of a railroad train is no whit different in principle from that of a house.

Unless Governor Johnson is so ill-advised as to commute the sentence of Fariss, confirmed by the supreme court, the brutal slayer of Montague must pay the full penalty provided by the law, and it is well that he should do so. Well, that is, for society, for protection of which the punitive laws are framed. Too many persons seem to think the murderer is entitled to the major share of sympathy and protection. We cannot agree with that view. If it were to prevail desperadoes would rule the roost. Only by enforcing the laws promptly and rigidly can the tendency to kill be discouraged and the majesty of the law be conserved. The first duty of society is to itself, not to mollycoddle those who prey upon it.

SANFORD AND MERTON RECALLED

PROUD, indeed, must be the militant suffragists of England of their work in burning the historic parish church of St. Mary's, near Henley. Built in 1538, it was one of the picturesque piles of Great Britain, housing many priceless treasures. It is interesting to note that Thomas Day, the author of that redoubtable history of Sanford and Merton, was buried in the Wargrave church recently despoiled, where his widow had erected a monument to his memory. Mr. Day was a warm friend of the American colonies, sympathizing closely with the efforts of the struggling colonials to gain their independence.

He was an enthusiastic lover of virtue, a man of universal philanthropy and benevolence, so that it was a great shock to his family and friends when a favorite riding horse, which he had reared from a colt, threw him and by a kick killed him instantly. Born in 1748 he died in 1789, since which time his monument has rested in the Berkshire church.

Sanford and Merton has been a classic for more than a century. The aim of the author was to inculcate in youth habits of courage, activity, temperance, independence, generosity and humanity, which traits are practically exemplified in the pages of the entertaining history of the two lads. Like George Borrow, Thomas Day employed the interlocutory form of narrative, occasionally, to point a moral and adorn a tale, a style that would hardly be tolerated in the modern-made novel. Stories are interpolated illustrative of courage and perseverance under adverse conditions and the sturdy morality of the elder Sanford, who refuses a gift of several hundred pounds which the elder Merton, grateful for the redemption of his little prig of a son, proffers, is thus set forth:

When I was a boy farmers did not lie dreaming in bed as they do now, till six or seven; * * * my poor dear mother, too, the best-tempered woman in the world, she always began milking exactly at five; and if a single soul were to be found in bed after four in the summer, you might have heard her from one end of the farm to the other.

Rich, if not racy is the language attributed to little Tommy Merton. He is in conversation with a negro whose diction would make a Stanford professor properly envious: "You talk," said little Tommy, "of wild beasts. Pray, have you any in your country?" "Yes, master," said the Black, "we have them of many sorts, equally dreadful and ferocious." One day Tommy's father, who is a planter in Jamaica, makes an unexpected visit to England, elated by the news of his son's progress. Tommy is at this time about nine. He returns his father's caresses with genuine warmth, "but with a degree of respect and humility he had once been little accustomed to use. 'I will accompany you home, sir,' said he, 'with the greatest readiness; for I wish to see my mother, and hope to give her some satisfaction by my future behavior. You have both had too much to complain of in the past, and I am unworthy of such affectionate parents.'" "He then," continues this veracious narrative, "turned his face aside, and shed a tear of real virtue and gratitude, which he instantly wiped away, as not comporting with the composure and fortitude of his new character." Alas, that the militants should have been so disregardful of the proprieties as to demolish a monument to a man capable of handing down to posterity so unique a classic as Sanford and Merton!

TAFT WITHDRAWAL ORDER NULLIFIED

ONE of the most important judicial decisions emanating from the United States courts the state has known in many years was that rendered by Judge M. T. Dooling of the United States district court of San Francisco which holds that the withdrawal order of former President Taft, issued in 1909, which exempted certain government land from entry, affecting upward of three million acres of government oil lands, valued at \$250,000,000, is invalid. The case was originally filed in Los Angeles, but Judge Olin Wellborne, considering himself disqualified to preside, it was transferred to San Francisco. Action was brought by the government to oust the Midway Oil Company, Standard Oil Company and others from mineral lands in the Midway field in Central California.

By his ruling Judge Dooling denies the application of the government restraining the defendant

ants from present use of the lands, and for a receivership. In effect, the United States judge holds that the former President had no power to suspend the mineral laws of the United States which virtually happened when he withdrew the affected lands from entry. The decision in the Midway Oil Company cases does not settle the question as to whether the mineral lands comprised in the Taft order shall revert to the status of a domain of free exploitation. That phase of the withdrawal waits upon the decision of the United States supreme court in the Mid-West Oil Company case involving title to 170,000 acres of oil land in Wyoming, an opinion on which is expected within the next thirty days.

Doubtless, Mr. Taft's motives were of the highest when he promulgated his withdrawal order, but as the United States jurist has shown, the executive power cannot permanently set aside the legislative provision. The former President aimed to secure to the government a great source of fuel for the American navy by exempting the oil lands from entry by private investors, but the decision of Judge Dooling overrides the presidential plan and gives the defendants in the cases at issue undisputed possession. That the ruling is sound in law is not to be questioned, but it is incumbent on congress to make it possible to preserve to the nation mineral lands of the nature involved which may mean the saving of millions of dollars to the whole people, that, otherwise, would swell private treasures.

CALHOUN CASE SUGGESTS NEW LAW

EFFORTS on the part of the state railroad commission to convict Patrick Calhoun of using the funds of the United Railroads unlawfully are likely to be frustrated for two reasons: First, because of the directors' resolution authorizing the then president of the street railroads of San Francisco to divert the company funds in such manner as he saw fit and, second, because the books of the corporation containing the tell-tale evidence are said to have been destroyed or, at least, have been removed from the state. Inability to prove its charges thus confronts the commission at the outset.

This suggests the necessity of a legislative remedy to cope with similar sharp practice in the future. We shall hope to see a bill introduced at the next session of the legislature making it a penal offense for the officers of a corporation to remove from the state any of the corporation books or in anywise to dispose of them; failure to produce them on demand of an authorized tribunal to be regarded as an admission of guilt, carrying a severe penalty. Other states protect the public and insure means of investigating alleged crooked transactions on the part of corporation officials through statutes of such a nature and if the California code is derelict in this respect it is well to amend it in the manner suggested.

Whether the million or more dollars illicitly diverted from the treasury of the United Railroads went into a land speculation or an expensive newspaper organ, the diversion was contrary to public policy in that the legitimate needs of the corporation were neglected by that much and the stockholders' interests, perforce, suffered. At this time the United Railroads has petitioned the state railroad commission for the right to increase its bonded indebtedness to buy new cars, the treasury being practically empty. The funds used by Mr. Calhoun unlawfully would have met the present demand without the necessity of borrowing and to that extent the stockholders are defrauded while the service of the company is weakened. If there is a renewed cry for municipal ownership and operation following

such revelations as have developed in San Francisco the reason is patent. Possibly, that is a cure, but we have our doubts.

Gotham's Gorgeous Revival of Pinafore
IT has been the fashion in the spring for several seasons to revive one of the old-time operas. This season the opera chosen is H. M. S. Pinafore and the place the Hippodrome. There were misgivings at first in certain quarters for fear that in the huge Hippodrome the opera would lose much of its charm. But the production has dispelled all fears and lovers of the works of the two gifted men, Gilbert and Sullivan, see that no matter what precedents there may be for certain interpretations their work is of a quality that permits of more than one method of dealing with it. It is to be expected that delicate nuances will disappear when spoken lines must be shouted and surprise cannot be indicated by facial expression alone, but there are compensations for these drawbacks. The place seems to have taken on a gala look for the occasion. Outside of the building stand at rest two stalwart sailor lads on duty all day with fine big guns in bold defiance of the Sullivan law. With all the war and navy talk going on at present they are calculated to make the casual passer by take notice. Inside, pretty ushers in fresh white middy blouses show ticket holders to their seats and a big electric light flashes the cast for the performance on the curtain. After the foreign fashion programs are sold and the cast is shown in a flash before each performance partly to make up for this new infringement on what are considered American rights and partly because there are two casts of principals. The opera is given twice a day and the singers chosen for the principal roles are not of the class that does two a day.

Above the oval stage screen that takes the place of curtains in the Hippodrome show the masts and rigging of a noble ship. As the screen drops slowly into its berth below stage the quarter and poop decks of a fine, seasoned, square-rigged three-masted frigate is shown riding at anchor on the Portsmouth tide. Real ship, real water, hundreds in the cast, plenty of space to move about are the chief advantages gained in the big play house. It is a splendid spectacle, especially at the end when the nine pounders go off and the rigging is made gay with flags. Sailors are always running up and down the rigging and it is a fine sight but one calculated to make a genuine tar wonder at the way in which real athletes choose to go up a slanting rope in the hardest way, putting unnecessary strain on the muscles of men who do not like to do any more work than they have to in a day. But it is a fine sight to see them go up with a will and come down with a will even though there is nothing to do but go up and come down, hitch up their trousers and sing. The chorus is splendid, well-balanced and hearty. It is in the choruses that the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan shows to advantage in this production, for they are sung by hundreds instead of scores as is usually the case. The soloists manage to get most of the words over though the lover of the opera would scorn to admit that he need hear the words.

With the help of cleverly arranged sounding boards and exceedingly good voices Madame Josephine Jacoby as Buttercup, Harrison Brockbank as Sir Joseph Porter, William Hinshaw as Capt. Corcoran, Vernon Dalhart as Ralph Rackstraw and Albert Hart as Dick Deadeye, are as satisfying as possible. Buttercup, charming as ever, comes with her bumboat women, dressed in poke bonnet and shawl after the fashion of the early part of the nineteenth century rather than that of the late seventies, in their flat-bottomed boats to the side of the gallant Pinafore and offer their treacle and toffee and excellent coffee, succulent chops and I am sure I saw a luscious grape fruit handed up through a gun port to a weather-beaten old tar. Into the same smooth and smiling blue water Dick Deadeye is hurled by the outraged crew when his revolutionary sentiments grow too much for them. Sir Joseph Porter with his sisters and his cousins and his aunts swarm on to the deck ready to bob whenever their names are mentioned so that in the vast number you may not fail to distinguish which ones among the bevy are which and note their allegiance. As usual, one sympathizes heartily with Josephine when in a nice little coat, looking like one of her father's cut down, she falls in love with her sailor Ralph Rackstraw and turns down Sir Joseph's suit cold.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, June 1, 1914.

Lord Dunsany's Playboys---Second Article---By Randolph Bartlett

ONE of the principal drawbacks to extensive production of dramatic literature is the broad general misconception that it is necessary to write a play which will occupy a full evening. The development of the one-act drama has done much to do away with this but in America we are still hampered by the fact that there is little theatrical demand for this form of literature. We have many writers who have done excellent work along this line, but their principal outlet has had to be through the medium of print. In the European countries the public demand for performances of one-act plays has developed extensively, however, and in the case of Lord Dunsany, the creator of Playboys, all his works have been staged with considerable success, although of the volume now published in America there are four tabloids and only one three-act piece, "The Gods of the Mountain," and it is much shorter than the average. The moral is that the artist who chooses his form and then tries to adapt his matter to it, is erecting a serious barrier between himself and his art, while he who takes the form which is best suited to the idea will find his public somehow, or rather be found, so long as the idea is worthy.

One of the most interesting of these shorter pieces by Dunsany is "The Lost Silk Hat," a fanciful creation with a doorstep for the stage setting. It is a clever satire upon the idea of trying to order one's life to suit romantic ideals. A fashionably dressed man who has been calling at the house, of which the doorstep is shown, has left his silk hat behind, after having quarreled with the young lady who lives in the house. He does not want to go down the street bareheaded, and pride forbids him to drop from the sublime to the ridiculous, by going back after it himself. So without explaining the circumstances he tries to persuade a laborer to go to the door, pretend to be inspecting the drains, and retrieve the hat. The laborer is suspicious, for he cannot see why a man would give a sovereign to get an "empty hat." He has a theory that "The papers" are in the hat, "Proving, if you can get them, that you're the heir to that big house, and some poor innocent will be defrauded." So he refuses and the caller then tries to enlist a passing clerk, but again fails to allay suspicions and is turned down. Comes then a poet, who has no suspicions, no ethical objections to a burglary or a murder; but he lives on romance. The caller tells him the truth. He has quarreled with a lady, has said he is going to join the Bosnians and die in Africa, so he cannot go back, but he wants his hat. The poet is willing to get the hat but he would rather sit on the doorstep and discuss romance. In despair the caller decides at last he will have to get the hat himself:

POET: For Heaven's sake don't do that! Think what it means!

CALLER: I know it will seem absurd, but not so absurd as walking through London without it.

POET: I don't mean that. But you will make up. You will forgive each other, and you will marry her and have a family of noisy, pimply children like everyone else, and Romance will be dead. No, don't ring that bell. Go and buy a bayonet, or whatever one does buy, and join the Bosnians.

CALLER: I tell you I can't without a hat.

POET: What is a hat? Will you sacrifice for it a beautiful doom? Think of your bones, neglected and forgotten, lying forlornly because of helpless love on endless golden sands. "Lying forlorn" as Keats said. What a word! Forlorn in Africa. The careless Bedouins going past by day, a night the lion's roar, the grievous voice of the desert.

CALLER: As a matter of fact I don't think you're right in speaking of it as desert. The Bosnians, I believe, are only taking it because it is supposed to be the most fertile land in the world.

POET: What of that? You will not be remembered by geography and statistics, but by golden-mouthed Romance. And that is how Romance sees Africa.

CALLER: Hark! She is playing the piano. It seems to me that she might be unhappy about it for years. I don't see much good in that.

POET: No, I will comfort her.

CALLER: I'm damned if you do! Look here! I don't mind saying, I'm damned if you do.

POET: Calm yourself. Calm yourself. I do not mean it in that way.

CALLER: Then what on earth do you mean?

POET: I will make songs about your beautiful death, glad songs and sad songs. They shall be glad because they tell again the noble tradition of the troubadours, and sad because they tell of your sorrowful destiny and of your hopeless love. I shall make legends also about your lonely bones, telling perhaps how some Arabian men, finding them in the desert by some oasis, memorable in war, wonder who loved them. And then, as I read them to her, she weeps perhaps a little,

and I read instead of the glory of the soldier, how it overtops our transitory—

CALLER: Look here, I'm not aware that you've ever been introduced to her.

POET: A trifle, a trifle.

So it goes on. The more the poet romances the more the caller comes back to earth, and at last he goes back into the house, while the poet sets up a wail because he hears the piano now responding to a duet. He says: "Let there be graven in brass upon this house: Romance was born again here out of due time, and died young." Delicious! Better comedy than this I have not encountered in these many months of explorations of the modern drama.

Again, is the spirit of comedy present in "The Golden Doom," though her garb is that of allegory. It transpires in the palace of the King of Zericon. This monarch is mighty in war and even greater in peace. He has built a kingdom in which the people are prosperous, and his few remaining enemies give him but little trouble. It is one of those fabled realms which Dunsany creates from his fertile imagination with such vividness, without employing detail. One thinks of Haroun Al Raschid and his days of gold. The King, however, is so busy with his affairs of state that he has neglected the prevailing form of religion, which is the worship of the stars. Because of this there are many who fear that his glory will be dimmed and the kingdom overthrown. A boy and a girl come playing in the corridor of the palace. The girl has made up a little poem of four lines, which she recites to the boy, and explains that it would have been longer only she couldn't think of any more rhymes for "fly" and "sky," but the boy extemporaneously adds a fifth. The girl complains that it doesn't scan, the boy retorts that it doesn't matter. They have a little quarrel, and the boy, to placate the maiden, and prove he likes the poem after all, writes it on the king's door with a lump of gold he has found.

Then the King returns with his court and sees the writing on the door. The sentry cannot explain it, saying nobody had been there but two children, who were the last ones to be suspected of such a thing, and who had been frightened away by the approach of the monarch. So the Chamberlain is ordered to read the writing, and does so:

I saw a purple bird
Go up against the sky,
And it went up and up
And round about did fly.
I saw it die.

This is cryptic. It is time to call in the prophets of the stars. The King wears a purple robe. He has been successful in such great measure that he can truly say to have gone "up against the sky," and this also in the sense of having defied the stars by neglecting to worship them. It is in pure gold, so a god alone could have written it. To placate the stars and avert the doom, the chief prophet advises that the King signify his submission by placing his crown and scepter against the door where the gods wrote the message. This is done. All depart and night comes down. The boy remembers that his original intention in coming to the palace was to ask the King for a hoop, but he has been told that in the absence of the King a prayer to the King's door will be just as efficacious. So he comes back in the gloaming, crying softly, "King's door, King's door, I want a hoop," and of a sudden he sees the circlet and a little bar to beat it with lying there. His prayer has been answered, and he romps away, trundling the crown in front of him with the scepter. The King discovers that his sacrifice has disappeared, and it is taken as a token that the gods have accepted it and are appeased. Nobody but Archibald Henderson would try to paint the lily by offering a key to such a quaint and perfect little allegory.

Most fantastic of all is "The Glittering Gate," in which there are but two characters, Jim and Bill, lately burglars, both dead. Jim has been dead a long time, and here is Dunsany's conception of a burglar's hell: A Lonely Place, strewn with large black rocks and uncorked beer-bottles, the latter in great profusion. At back is a wall of granite built of great slabs, and in it the Gate of Heaven. The door is of gold. Below the Lonely Place is an abyss hung with stars. The rising curtain reveals Jim wearily uncorking a beer-bottle. Then he tilts it slowly and with infinite care. It proves to

be empty. Faint and unpleasant laughter is heard off. Corked bottles are discovered lying behind rocks, and more descend constantly through the air, within reach of Jim. All prove to be empty.

Think of it! Sitting through eternity uncorking beer-bottles which, by their weight, seem to have their contents still inside, but when opened prove to be empty! That certainly would be hell for a burglar.

Bill arrives, and recognizes Jim, who had taught him the gentle art of burgling a whole lifetime ago. Bill is not greatly interested in the renewal of acquaintance, and pursues his task of searching for beer. He explains his state of mind to Bill: "Yes; I hope to see a drop of beer in one some day, but I know I won't. Their trick might not work just once." Bill, with all the enthusiasm of a new arrival, tries to interest his former mentor by endeavoring to arouse his curiosity as to something he has brought with him—something they let him bring with him as they thought it would be nice proof against him at judgment. Jim wearily pursues his quest for beer, his pessimistic outlook preventing him from taking any interest in Bill's tools. So Bill reveals his hope. He has the drill they had used to open recalcitrant strong-boxes—Old Nutcracker, he calls it affectionately. It has bored its way through many a door of the finest steel, and when he looks at the golden door he laughs to think how easy it will be. He starts boring:

BILL: Jim! Old Nutcracker thinks nothing of it. It's just like cheese to Old Nutcracker.

JIM: They won't let you do it, Bill.

BILL: They don't know what I've got. I'm getting through it like cheese, Jim.

JIM: Suppose it's a mile thick. Suppose it's a million miles thick. Suppose it's a hundred million miles thick.

BILL: Can't be, Jim. These doors are meant to open outward. They couldn't do that if they were more than four inches at most, not for an Archbishop.

JIM: You remember that great safe we broke open once, what had coal in it.

So the boring goes on, Bill picturing the delights of heaven which they are soon to enjoy, and Jim gloomily opening beer-bottles. Is there nothing new under the sun? Perhaps not, yet I am willing to confess that this is quite unlike any conception of the future life that I have ever encountered in the literature of this century or any other. Bill and his Nutcracker succeed in boring through the lock, the gate swings outward and reveals—empty night and stars. Bill is staggered. Cruel and violent laughter is heard off stage. Jim remarks wearily: "That's like them. That's very like them. Yes, they'd do that." All this in ten pages of writing as compact and perfect as Strindberg's most intense psychological study.

Fifth of the contributions to this Playboy series is "King Argimenes (pronounce it Argymee-nees) and the Unknown Warrior." There is, to me, less in this than in any of the others. It is simply the story of a king who has been enslaved, and digging in the fields of his cruel captor he finds a sword. He prays to the spirit of the warrior who owned it, to give him strength for just a certain number of deeds, and so, heading an uprising of the slaves, overthrows the false gods and the dynasty of King Darniak. It is well done, with a vivid atmosphere of terror, hunger and oppression, but it lacks the meatiness of the other four compositions.

So this is the round of Playboys. There were the beggars in "The Gods of the Mountain," the poet in "The Lost Silk Hat," the lad in "The Golden Doom," Bill and his Nutcracker in "The Glittering Gate," and King Argimenes in the fifth of the plays. All are Playboys, but Dunsany has a keen sense of eternal and inevitable justice. Not for him is Synge's idea of Christy Mahon, building up a triumph out of a lie. Argimenes is the only one of his masqueraders who achieves, and after all, it is perhaps stretching the figure a little to include him in the category of Playboys. The others are simply the foils upon which the author's unswerving devotion to truth is displayed. These are plays which should be read and re-read. Their possibilities of suggestion are well-nigh inexhaustible, and for sheer entertainment they have few equals.

("Five Plays" by Lord Dunsany. Mitchell Kennerley's Modern Drama Series. Bullock's Book Store.)

Sunset Club at Play in Forest of Arden



HERE have been outings galore for the Sunset Club in the last twelve years that have yielded rich returns in fun and camaraderie, but this season's jaunt to Modjeska's home and the Forest of Arden probably exceeded all prior events in the net amount of jollity that developed. In the first place there was a definite object ahead. Louis Vetter, as stage manager, had planned a reading presentation of "As You Like It," confined to the forest scenes, and Temple undertook to costume the players. A glance at the accompanying illustration will show how well he succeeded. A group of tent houses, several hundred yards beyond the Modjeska cottage, housed the forty Sunsetters who motored down last Friday, and Al Levy with a corps of assistants provided for the interior comfort.

Saturday morning, Memorial Day, the camp early learned that Joe Scott was present and so incidentally, did other camps. Fred Alles had thoughtfully provided a reel of narrow ribbon of the national colors, strips of which were cut off and made into lapel bows. All pedestrians of the feminine persuasion, crossing the highway of the camp, were respectfully invited to wear the colors, which were adjusted by Joe Scott to the song and chorus of his assistants. The air ran after this fashion:

Around her neck we tied the pretty ribbon,
We tied it in the springtime and in the month of
May;

And when she asked the reason why we tied it,
We told her for a friend was far, far away.

Far away, far away,
We tied it for a friend who was far, far away.

When the supply of ribbon was exhausted and the fair campers all decorated the flag raising on the heights above Sunset Camp was the order of procedure. In single file the Sunsetters marched to the plateau where President Koepfli formed the members in a half circle facing the flag and called on Sunsetter Osborne for the oration. Never did the Captain respond with more fervor or true oratory to a like call. His impressive address was followed by the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, led by Mr. Patterson of Long Beach, a neighboring camper with a liquid baritone who was induced to lend it for the occasion.

At 2:30 Stage Manager Vetter called the roll

for the Sunset players and when they emerged from their tents, en costume, mingled howls of derision and approbation greeted the hardy performers. Bond Francisco took first honors. As Audrey his make-up was the most fetching thing ever seen on any stage. Henry O'Melveny's hilarious spasms when it burst upon his vision impelled Drs. Haines, Utley, Smith and Ellis to serious consultation, but no operation was necessary. If Sunsetter Hunt's clients could have seen him as Hymen, a cross between Pygmalion and Sparticus, it would have been all off with him for future commissions. Senator Bulla's Touchstone was equally productive of ribald observations and the Phoebe of Sunsetter Poindexter and the Celia of Homer Earle were what the vaudevillians would term "Screams." Here is the "no star" cast in full:

The Duke	Sunsetter Elliott
Amiens	Sunsetter Burnham
Jaques	Sunsetter Parker
Oliver	Sunsetter Conrey
Jaques de Bois.....	Sunsetter Davis
Orlando	Sunsetter Byrne
Adam	Sunsetter Bridge
Touchstone	Sunsetter Bulla
Corin	Sunsetter Osborne
Sylvius	Sunsetter Mueller
William	Sunsetter Shoup
Hymen	Sunsetter Hunt
Rosalind	Sunsetter Clover
Celia	Sunsetter Earle
Phoebe	Sunsetter Poindexter
Audrey	Sunsetter Francisco

Up among the live oaks half a mile from Sunset Camp, the presentation of "As You Like It" had its premiere by the Sunsetters. So far as scenic beauty goes, it is safe to say the comedy has seldom had a more attractive setting and as for the character readings, look at the list of names in the cast and let carping critics hold their peace. Suffice it that the gallery which came to scoff remained to applaud, particularly the histrionic efforts of John Byrne whose Orlando was a "peach," to quote Sunsetter Frank Wiggins. Particular mention of Sunsetter Elliott's Duke is demanded, while the singing of Amiens' songs by Sunsetter Burnham filled the audience with envy. Dr. Bridge as Adam presented an impossibly pathetic figure and Sunsetter Parker's rendition of "The Seven Stages of Man" shook the trees. As for Rosalind—but let that pass!

Stage Manager Vetter had prudently pro-

vided for understudies, graduates of the "Sunset Club College of Expression," to quote the handbills. They included: Thomas Keene Anderson, Alexander Salvini Wills, Walker Whiteside Smith, Eben Plympton Mueller, David Bandmann Naftzger, Frederick Paulding Slauson, Robert Mantell Washburn, Charles Kean Babcock, Otis Skinner Cass and Edwin Davenport Mulholland. The working staff comprised Manager, David Belasco Vetter; Assistant Manager, Oliver Morosco Byrne; Critic, William Shakespeare Camp. For the music there were the birds. Moving picture privileges were for sale on application. Little Theater rights were reserved by the management. Truly, it was a grand production and the amateur players of Los Angeles were stripped, fairly stripped, of their laurels.

Yes, It Is

"Isn't this the strangest spring weather you ever saw?"

In a Japanese Garden

Where is the tea-bower's place?

Beneath the wooded hill,

Close where a purling rill,

Running its silvery race,

Leaps laughing with delight

Into the linn below.

The tiny arch I take

Beside the lantern lone—

Mysterious, capped with stone,—

And linger by the lake.

There gold fish to and fro

Move merrily: how bright

Their burnished backs, their tails

And fins of gossamer!

So gracefully in air

With its long streamers sails

The many-pictured kite.

Above the mossy green

Magnolia blooms are seen,

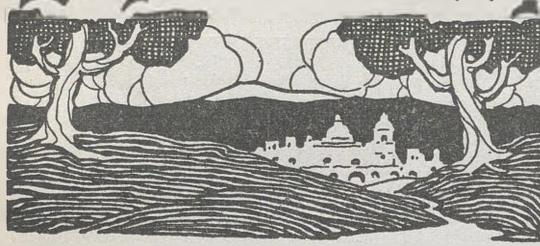
And twittering birds alight

On the quaint dwarfed trees—

Dark, ever green, that move not with the breeze.

—JAMES MAIN DIXON

By the Way



School of Advertising Session

Scene—Office of the publisher of a local evening paper. **Dramatis Personae:** The publisher and his staff of advertising solicitors.

PUBLISHER: "Now I want you to show me how you go about it to get advertising for my paper. I'll be the business man, and you talk to me just as you do to the merchants."

SOLICITOR: "Mr. Business Man, I should like to have your advertising for the *Distress*."

PUBLISHER: "I am already covering the evening field in the paper you are so cleverly imitating."

SOLICITOR: "Pardon me, but it is impossible to cover the field without advertising in the *Distress*."

PUBLISHER: "But the Hair Oiled swears to 120,000 circulation and you swear only to less than half that."

SOLICITOR: "Ah, but look at the quality of our circulation. The *Distress* is read by all the best people in the city."

PUBLISHER: "Why is that?" Pause.

PUBLISHER: "Come, now, who can tell the business man why the *Distress* is read by all the best people in the city."

YOUNG SOLICITOR (at rear of room): "Because its publisher is an unselfish man and has the respect of the entire community." (Publisher makes note to have young man's salary increased, and continues):

PUBLISHER: "Good. Now to resume; I am the business man again. Proceed."

A SOLICITOR: "May I ask a question?"

PUBLISHER: "Er—what is the question?"

SOLICITOR: "Today a merchant said to me that when he was going home on the street car he saw only one *Distress* and fifteen Hair Oileds. What should I say?"

PUBLISHER: "How can he say such a thing when I have taken such pains to make the *Distress* so much like the Hair Oiled that I can hardly tell them apart myself?"

SOLICITOR: "He said that was what made him suspicious, so he went through the car and counted."

PUBLISHER: "Well, well, who will tell this young man what he should say to such a statement. Come, come. Speak up." (Nobody speaks up, and Publisher makes memorandum to have solicitor discharged, and also erases memorandum to increase salary of the other solicitor, and decides to send him a note of commendation instead.)

ANOTHER SOLICITOR: "Mr. Business Man, the *Distress* is entitled to your advertising not merely because it reaches all the best homes in the city, but because it is laboring for the uplift."

PUBLISHER (rubbing his hands): "That's it, that's it. Oh, I forgot—I'm the Business Man. Ahem. I don't care to contribute to the uplift in newspapers, because I give all I can spare to the Associate Charities and my church. All I want of a newspaper is results."

SOLICITOR: "O, Mr. Publisher, that isn't fair. The merchants are not nearly so clever as you and they would not think of such an excuse for not advertising in the *Distress*." (Publisher is about to make memorandum of salary increase but controls himself in time.)

PUBLISHER: "That will be all for this evening, gentlemen. Be here tomorrow evening at the usual time."

This does not purport to be a verbatim report of the school of advertising which Mr. Earl has established for his Express solicitors, at which he presides and impersonates the merchant from whom business is sought, but it is a suggestion of what may be the procedure at such an institution, compiled from information and belief. I hear that the master mind of progressive journalism in Los Angeles does not contemplate calmly the outlook of paying deficits for two newspapers, and consequently the intensive intellect is being devoted itself to the onerous task of remedying this condition. It is a brilliant

scheme, but if the situation were reversed and the publisher placed himself in the position of seeker of business, and had the solicitors hurl at him the remarks which they hear on their rounds, considerably more enlightenment might result. I hear that the deficit of the Tribune now reaches \$30,000 a month, while the Express, formerly a dividend earner is now in red ink.

Realty Board's Brilliant Head

In electing Will Mines to the presidency of the Los Angeles Realty Board that alert body made no mistake, for a more active brain capacity does not lodge inside the cranium of any member than cerebrates in the new executive's headpiece. That his will be a brilliant administration requires no seventh son to predict. Quick to act, resourceful, having the faculty of enlisting the warm support of his friends in his projects, it is a safe venture that whatever he plans for the good of the realty board will have the endorsement and active aid of the leading lights of the organization to help carry it to a successful conclusion. Felicitations to the realty board on its perspicacity.

Limit in Journalistic Unfairness

I challenge any person to produce a parallel case of unfairness in a metropolitan newspaper of general circulation to the attempt in the Times of Wednesday morning indirectly to involve the names of the President and his daughters in an escapade indulged in by two officers on board the yacht Mayflower, the sole connection between the Wilsons and the incident being that the Mayflower is the yacht assigned to the use of the President when he happens to need a yacht, and that the officers in question, like all naval officers, moved in Washington society and may, at one time or another, have met the daughters of the President either at the White House or on board the vessel. Here are the head lines of the Times story:

"Wine, Women and Song. President's Own Yacht Scene of High Jinks. Executive's Efforts to Hide Facts from the Public Prove Unavailing. Handsome Young Naval Officers Who Had Been Hosts to the Daughters of the White House Are Called to Account—One Resigns for the Good of the Service and the Other is Sent Away."

It will be noted that there is nothing untrue in any of the these statements, except what would be to the esteemed Times an entirely secondary matter, the fact that the yacht is not in any sense the property of the President, any more than it is the property of General Otis, and possibly not nearly so much so, as the General, being much wealthier than the President, pays more taxes and consequently has a larger amount of money invested in the yacht. It is the fact that there is nothing libelous in the heading that makes it so contemptible. It is an open attempt to besmirch the President, and to do this without cause is a direct affront to all decent people of the nation. If this is the means by which General Otis essays to rehabilitate the Republican party in this section of the country, heaven save the party.

Browsing at Bullock's

New book haunts always have a lure for me. At Bullock's is a tempting square where a fascinating collection of good literature is gathered in charge of Miss Neely, who served her apprenticeship in Denver and later made the book department of the White House in San Francisco known to all lovers of good reading in the Exposition city. I predict for Bullock's a similar power of attraction. The selections of books on the drama are as a key and reveal the good judgment of the genius loci, to-wit, Miss Neely. She has warm sympathy for the browser and takes delight in leading him into the most productive corners where lie the finest spoils waiting for the appreciative soul to pounce upon them. The only trouble is that once inside the magic square it is hard to break away; however, it is a good fault and I advise the browser to "indulge the habit" under Miss Neely's beneficent auspices.

Otheman Stevens Sprouting Money

All who have personal knowledge of Otheman Stevens admit that he is a good financier, in many directions. It will be news to many, however, that he has developed his financial faculties to such an extent that he is now able to grow money, and not even at the expense of digging a garden either. A few days ago Stevie discovered a little collection of coins in a corner of his clothing, and he could not figure out any possible means

by which it could have come there. There was no rip in a seam or opening in the lining or the pockets, where the money could have worked into the place where it was found. Apparently it had sprouted on him overnight. The only thing that bothered Otheman was that he could not tell how much there was in the growth, and the problem was whether it was worth cutting open a perfectly good suit of clothes to find out. He had not decided at last accounts.

Last Echoes of the Discords

At last, it appears that the tangle in the affairs of the Music Teachers' Association, caused by the losses incurred by the People's Orchestra, is in a fair way to be straightened out. At a meeting a few days ago the opinion of Attorney Johnstone Jones was read, which was to the effect that the members of the association were individually responsible for the debts of the orchestra, but that they could hold Charles Farwell Edson responsible and require reimbursement by him, having the right to take legal action to enforce collection of the claim. The association decided, however, that Mr. Edson had devoted a considerable amount of time and money to the orchestra and it would be only right for the organization to pay all debts incurred prior to December 5 last year. This is to be done by levying a flat assessment of \$1 on each member affiliated with the body in the years 1912, 1913 and 1914. The sum is not large and it is believed that there will be a ready response for the sake of saving the reputation of the association. The prospect of entertaining the great festival next year, with this cloud hanging over the hosts resulted in a determination to clear off the debt at once. Vernon Spencer, president of the association, and Miss Fannie Dillon, secretary, are notifying the musicians of the action. Meanwhile, the Pacific Coast Musician has opened a public subscription for the purpose of helping defray the liabilities, so it appears that soon all will be harmony once more.

Singleton Estate Dwindles

Those who accept the daily newspaper strings of ciphers as bona fide statements of the wealth of supposedly plutocratic persons, were probably surprised to find that the inventory of the estate of John Singleton placed the property at only \$215,648, but readers of The Graphic may remember that I remarked several weeks ago that the Yellow Aster Mine had been a disappointment of late. I believe it will be found that the \$215,648 is an outside figure, as \$200,000 of this is represented by Yellow Aster stock the value of which is problematical. Of the remaining \$15,648, there is \$12,500 in two small mines upon which it is doubtful if that amount could be realized in the market. Singleton Court is disposed of in the will, but I understand the South Flower street property, which is now only a big vacant lot since the fire which destroyed the mansion, was sold after this will was made. This would leave a tangible estate of less than \$2,500. In the days of his prosperity John Singleton would have spent that much between breakfast and luncheon and never remembered in the afternoon what he did with it in the morning. Truly a tragic life, and not without its message to those who "strike it rich" and think that they have found a Fortunatus' purse.

Generosity of St. Paul Papers

When Frederick Weyerhaeuser lay dying at his home in Oak Knoll, a Pasadena newspaper man received from the St. Paul Dispatch and also from the Pioneer Press orders, unsolicited by him, for daily bulletins on the conditions of the lumber king, whose home was in the Minnesota city. The fatal illness continued nearly two weeks, and the Pasadena correspondent kept the St. Paul papers informed constantly. It was a big story anywhere in the United States, and biggest of all in the Twin Cities. To save telegraph tolls for the long distance, the correspondent sent simply skeleton messages, knowing that the papers had all the information they needed as to the family and circumstances of the sick millionaire, and that they would naturally write the stories to suit themselves. The work entailed was out of all proportion to the length of the messages, as it was necessary that a constant watch be kept in order to prime the St. Paul papers immediately death ensued, or any change came for the worse. So closely did he keep "on the job" that his flash on Weyerhaeuser's death was on its way to St. Paul within fifteen minutes after the noted man died. As the Pioneer Press is a morning paper, and the Dispatch evening the correspondent, knowing the corporation which publishes these papers to be one of the wealthiest

newspaper companies in the United States and believing it to be responsible, paid another man nearly ten dollars for the night work entailed. Weyerhaeuser died April 5 and after writing three times requesting payment of a bill for less than thirty dollars, the correspondent this week received two checks. One was from the Pioneer Press for ninety-five cents, and the other from the Dispatch for \$1.25. The newspaper man is out of pocket more than five dollars on the deal, but he opines it is worth it to know better next time. In justice to newspapers generally, I would add that this is not a typical case, but there are certain cities where this sort of thing seems to be prevalent. Pittsburgh is another place where piracy at the expense of innocent correspondents, who do not know the reputation of the newspapers and who have no practical recourse, is in vogue.

"Dry Campaign" on Hill Street

There has floated down Hill street since the "dry campaign" began on the Earl joint staffs a story to the effect that a retainer yclept "Jack," whose stunt is the doling out of copy to the linotype operators, wearying of the dull and deadly monotony of his "fat" job, recently made a tour of the city, accumulating an unsteady step. Realizing his condition he steered for a local Turkish bath establishment to recover his equipoise. But progress was slow and his mental processes slower. When, anywhere from twelve to twenty hours later, he revived he found himself minus his clothing, and with a bill of twenty dollars to meet for various "special treatments." Friends, whom he reached by telephone, were cold to his entreaties for financial aid, and appeal to "the chapel" resulted in a passing of the hat which purchased a plate of sandwiches and the services of a messenger-boy. For two days, with the connivance of the bath house proprietor, his tormentors kept him in durance before they relented and let him out on condition that he never, never again break the rules of the "main squeeze."

Geography Wanted—or at Least Needed

In my hope of instilling in time an ambition to acquire at least the rudiment of common school education on the part of the Times management, I have suggested such purchases as a dictionary of quotations and an elementary grammar. To this I must add a geography. Despite the fact that the other papers managed to get the location of the wreck of the Empress of Ireland correct, and the further fact that "Father Point" is shown clearly on all maps of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Times insisted upon spelling it "Farther Point" throughout the entire several days the story was a first page feature.

Hands Across the Tea

It was interesting to note, at the luncheon given Tuesday in honor of the visit of Japanese Consul General Numano of San Francisco, what an array of men there are in Los Angeles who are deeply and sincerely interested in things Japanese. Professor J. M. Dixon was one who renewed several old acquaintances at the luncheon, having been for years connected with one of the biggest institutions of learning in the Flowery Kingdom. Three announcements of more than ordinary interest were made at the affair: that Los Angeles is to be a consulate, that our harbor is to be a port of call for the Japanese vessels using the Panama Canal route, and that Admiral Kuroi, who was here with the Japanese man of war, and who was a hero of the Battle of the Sea of Japan in the war with Russia, had that day received a cablegram announcing his promotion to the post of vice admiral.

Newspapermen Play Pranks

Newspapermen would rather play pranks on one another than eat, and the intimacies and fellowship in "the city-room" are often productive of good stories, one of which has just seeped outside. The night editor of The Tribune is a newspaper man well known to the various offices of the city, having character, stability, quiet demeanor, with unfailing kindness and generosity to his fellow workers, by whom he is highly regarded. The fact that he has red hair, and that he has never refuted the accusation that he is a Methodist, seeming not to abate his popularity. Seeing that he is a man of family and of saving habits, the office was not greatly surprised to learn that he had accumulated a "mechanical cockroach," otherwise known as an automobile, but, to a man, the office rose up and demanded proofs the other night when the police court reporter straggled in and under pretense of great secrecy asserted that "J. C." had been

haled into court and fined for speeding. Corroborative evidence was furnished; and then the fun began. Photographs of the police officers who made the arrest, photographs of the judge in the case, and even a photograph of the victim himself in shirt-sleeves and with disheveled hair, were procured. The entire staff contributed stories expressing in various ways its surprise, its dismay, its disapproval that its sedate friend should so far have fallen from grace. An editorial in Albert Miller's most grandiose style led off, the tone of which expressed surprise and shock, but granted the culprit forgiveness. To be sure it was written by a "cub reporter" but it was generally declared to be "as good as" the leading editorials of the paper. Glaring headlines emphasized the sensation and a diagram in "Examiner style" was drawn for the first page and a "crime committed here" X—with black hand pointing the way was elaborated by the artists of the staff. In fact, a complete two-page extra on the subject went to the make-up and was printed on the bright green paper adopted by the Tribune sporting news-sheet. In the "wee sma' hours" when the staff was waiting for the last proofs of the morning paper, and the central figure of this episode had just seated himself at his desk, his night's task completed, the front doors down stairs burst open and up rushed a dozen or more newsboys yelling, "extra—extra—all about"—and in the din and confusion it is said that "J. C." gave one startled look at the green sheet, took in the head-lines at a glance, turned a few shades of purple and then—but the staff had vanished.

Humanity of Auto Club

I wonder if there is any class organization so thoughtful of the interests of others as the Automobile Club of Southern California. It has proved this in many ways, but never so signally—pardon—as by a new sign which is being installed at corners approaching hospital buildings. This is a big white board of the usual shape of the Auto Club signs, with a red cross, and the words "Hospital—Quiet." A club which devotes so much practical thought to the welfare of others is surely entitled to consideration when it makes requests for reforms to benefit its own membership.

One Grabbed—Another Attacked

My commiserations to Harry Culver, whose property in the Palms district was included in the annexation election that carried last Monday. I can sympathize with him because I went through the mill when Mount Washington was "taken in," with no appreciable benefit resulting save the doubling of my taxes. Following this spontaneous demand that the territory be included in Los Angeles, comes the news that the sixth Macedonian cry in as many months from Fruitlands has resulted in an election being called for June 27, the preceding five attempts of the patriots of this section to houl in a new district by the throat, so to say, having failed. Next week I shall publish a detailed account of the history of the extraordinary proceedings that have accompanied this queer municipal wooing. Meanwhile I suppose I, together with other taxpayers of the city, should shout with great joy over this happy consummation of the annexation chicanery, but, somehow, I cannot feel any personal glee at the prospect of lightening my own tax burdens in this manner. The Palms district, as a whole, rejected annexation and this should have settled it, at least for a sufficient length of time to permit the people to change their minds. Instead, however, a new map was made. The particular little groups of homes where annexation was known to be favored were included, and as rank a gerrymander as ever has been imposed upon reluctant voters was arranged. It succeeded, the only objection, of course, being that with the people who were willing to be "taken in" there were also included many who own strictly country property, who will be unjustly burdened by the imposition. Those who are watching the new consolidation bill now being framed for the next legislature, would do well to insert provisions governing the use and abuse of the redistricting of territory which has voted against being united to another municipality.

Getting Something for Nothing

I desire to call attention to the success of a certain large local corporation in getting a great deal of expert advice and executive work done for nothing. The extent of the work and responsibility may be imagined from the fact that the corporation's investment at the first of the present year was about ten million dollars, and recently

it decided to extend its operations by adding to this a capital expenditure of more than four and one-half millions. The annual budget of the corporation for last year was about four million dollars. This corporation has been able to take advantage of certain laws so that it gets all its administrative work done by a board of seven directors who receive not one dollar of remuneration, and do not even participate indirectly in any contracts or profits incidental to the handling of this huge sum of money and extensive property. Neither do these directors work for glory, for they have to stand a great deal of abuse from time to time, although they have the confidence of the greater part of the community. I would suggest that legal steps be taken to remedy this condition of affairs, notwithstanding the fact that the corporation in question is the Los Angeles school district, the governing body of which was refused remuneration of \$10 a meeting recently. In the matter of getting something for nothing the average American municipality is a marvel. In this spirit we are about to engage in the production of electricity for light and power, expecting our servants, employed almost in an attitude of peonage, so niggardly are we, to cope with the cleverest men in their line in the world, for the private corporation opens wide the doors of its coffers to the man who knows how.

Here's the Prize Puzzle Sentence

I have discovered the prize puzzle sentence. It was a "banner line" across the top of the front page of an evening paper and read thus: "Guns cow accused name assassin." This looks to the naked eye like a lot of word samples shaken out of the type case, but it really has a certain connection with the story it was supposed to head. I doubt, however, if any person not having first a knowledge of the story itself, can tell what the collection of words means. I might say, just to give a right start to those who try, that it does not mean that a man shot a cow and a person wrongly accused furnished the name of the murderer of bossy.

"Sniping" Becomes Popular Word

It is interesting, and a bit amusing, the way a word which has been in the language for a long time, will suddenly be dragged out into common usage by an unusual incident and looked upon as a new bit of linguistic coinage, with its meaning and derivation all to be explained over again. Sniping—not "snipping" as many newspapers insisted upon printing the word describing the shooting of the marines at Vera Cruz from the housetops—originated with the method frequently used in the shooting of snipes, picking them off one at a time from a distance with a small rifle, so as not to frighten the flock. A good shot often will get a dozen of these rather stupid though extremely timid birds, from a river bank, before the others take alarm. In the days when certain brands of cheap cigarettes were made from butts of cigars, another form of sniping was in vogue. In this, a man with a cane shod with a spike would go along the street and spike the ends of cigars from gutters and even from the slop-troughs in saloons, selling them by the pound to manufacturers of cigarettes. I believe this industry has gone out of existence, as the manufacturers of these cheap smokes have discovered they can get a sufficient supply of practically free material from the sweepings and refuse of the factories, and at the same time avoid odious accusations.

Wail of the Jingo

Call out a million volunteers!
Come on, let's intervene!
What care we for mothers' tears?
Let the ship of state careen!
Why should we hesitate to fight?
We have the men and cash,
And all of Europe says it's right
For us to cut a dash.
Let's have a regiment or two
Led out to die today,
For boys are cheap to die or do
For the flag—hin, hip, hooray!
So wave the Stars and Stripes on high,
Why, where's your love of flag?
The grandest nation 'neath the sun
Bids soldier men not lag.

Of course I can not go to war,
The ties of business girt;
Some one like me must stay behind
To wave the bloody shirt.

—Detroit News.

Cheaters

"Officer 666" at the Burbank this week arrests the attention, convicts the public of entertaining a secret admiration for a clever criminal, and imprisons the reasoning faculties in chains of merriment. After the slightly talky first act, necessary to establish the rather complicated premise of a successful farce, things move rapidly. The essential thing about the story is that a picture thief, pretending to be a wealthy young man whom he thinks is in Europe, is about to marry an unsuspecting girl under the assumed name, and at the same time loot the picture gallery of the man whose name he has adopted; the traveler returns on account of certain suspicions aroused concerning his butler, masquerades as a policeman to catch the burglar, is mistaken for a thief himself, catches the thief and allows him to escape, and engages in a great variety of escapades incidental to the occupancy of his home by a squad of policemen whose assistance he does not want. Richard Vivian is the hero of the story, but at the end the person who allows his sympathies to travel with the story, has been entirely captured by Forrest Stanley in the role of the connoisseur of pictures, and he begins to doubt whether, after all, the pretty heroine would not have been better off if the polished burglar's original plan had gone smoothly. This is no disparagement to Mr. Vivian's personality. It is in the lines of the play, and Mr. Stanley takes every advantage of the opportunity to make the nimble criminal attractive. This is a psychological verity, that nobdy regards a stage comedian as the proper husband for a stage heroine, while in real life it is always the jolly fellow who, other things being equal, is most successful in the matter of getting a wife. Mr. Stanley's comedy is intellectual, Mr. Vivian's perforce physical; this places Mr. Vivian at a distinct disadvantage. Walter Catlett—yes, he has his monocle with him—provides comedy interludes with his own particular brand of humor adapted to the occasion, and Beatrice Nichols is just the charming bit of femininity to complete the picture. Selma Paley has a hard and thankless part as a silly heroine, and makes the best of it by looking her prettiest. Thomas McLarne, in propria persona, is the plain-clothes man to the life and William G. Colvin as the real "666" is a faithful reproduction of the Irish policeman of fiction. James K. Applebee is a little off in his dialect as the Japanese valet. Miss Florence Oberle as the tempestuous aunt of the venturesome girls, does her duty in adding to the turmoil. The farce is one of the best in years, and the production ranks with the best of the Burbank offerings.

R. B.

"Peg" Back Home Again

After a play has had a run of goodness remembers how many weeks at the Burbank, and then has been taken to New York and run two seasons there, and then has been played on the road by heaven knows how many companies, it is rather late in the day to undertake to say whether or not it is a good play. Consequently, the only critical interest which attaches to the performance of this tremendously successful comedy at the Majestic theater this week, is the company, and, of course, the company insofar as this play is concerned, crys-

tallizes in the one character, Peg herself. Miss Peggy O'Neill, her own name being the same as that of Hartley Manners' quaint little heroine, offers no new interpretations of the character from the creation of Laurette Taylor, which, considering all things, is not surprising. For in this the actress is in much the same position as the critic. Miss Taylor's interpretation took New York by storm, hence it would be but the part of wisdom of those who go out into the provinces with the piece, to follow as closely as possible in her footsteps. There is, therefore, not a great deal in the performance in the Majestic that was not to be seen at the Burbank when the play was given its original production. There are small bits done a little more smoothly, the entire machine a little better oiled, and a metropolitan smoothness throughout. It is worth the \$2 that is being charged for the best seats at the Majestic, and it was worth \$2 when the Burbank offered it for 75 cents.

Tune Up Again at the Morosco

After a period of enforced idleness the orchestra has tuned up again at the Morosco, and in "A Knight for a Day" it is making lively music, while Daphne Pollard and Alf Goulding, aided by an extremely willing coterie of helpers, keep the fun going on the stage. "A Knight for a Day" is not new, or rather the name is not, but the internal economy is practically rebuilt throughout, with speed as the chief aim. This end is not always accomplished, but the general results are satisfactory in the main. Miss Pollard is the most entertaining person in the cast, and her two songs, "I'd Like Another Situation" and the "Limousine Song" are the gems of the performance. Miss La Valera, Melvin Stokes, Fred Stanley, Frances White, Bessie Franklyn, Charles Mason and Edward Hayward complete the cast, which is among the best balanced of the Gaiety offerings.

Capital Bill at the Orpheum

Sketches dominate the Orpheum bill this week and paramount of all is "Half an Hour," the playlet by J. M. Barrie in which Blanche Bates is starring. Miss Bates needs no introduction to Los Angeles audiences. She has an intelligent understanding of her art and interprets the Barrie role with a subtlety that in an actress of lesser ability would reduce the sketch to the level of ranting and detract much from its vital interest. The playlet is in three scenes and is evolved about a domestic tragedy, which has sufficient realism to make its interest absorbing. Married to a man whom she does not love, and driven further from him by his querulous conduct, Lillian Garson revolts at the final humiliation when he strikes her. She leaves his home to elope with the man whom she loves and who loves her, and behind her she leaves an incriminating note to her husband. Hugh Payton the lover is killed while Mrs. Garson waits in his apartments. To avoid the impending scandal, and lacking the courage to face the world alone, Mrs. Garson returns to her husband's home in time to meet guests invited in for the evening. Among them she encounters a Dr. Brodie, who had been called in to see Payton. The situation is critical for a time, but in the end Mrs.

Garson succeeds in hiding from her husband the knowledge of her duplicity. Miss Bates' support is consistently good. Mabelle Adams and Company present a human interest sketch in "Wanda," a comedy drama by Edgar Allan Woolf. Lee Barth gives a number of dialect imitations, several of which are exceptionally clever. Master Gabriel & Company provide much entertainment with their one-act comedy, "Little Kick," the midget star scoring a large share of the applause which the week's bill is accorded. Leon Kimberly and Halsey

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

Los Angeles' Leading Playhouse
Broadway, near Ninth Oliver Morosco, Manager
Beginning Sunday Night, June 7, Second Week,
Oliver Morosco Presents the Supreme Success of Successes,

"PEG O' MY HEART"

By J. Hartley Manners
(Laurette Taylor's Perpetual New York Triumph)

Notable Cast—Superb Production

Bargain Matinee Wednesday, Best Seats \$1.00. Popular Saturday Matinee, \$1.50. Night Prices: Lower Floor \$2.00 and \$1.50. Balcony \$1.00 and 75c.

MOROSCO THEATER Broadway bet. Seventh and Eighth

Second Week Commencing Saturday Night, June 6
The Gaiety Theater Company will Present Their Latest Song and Fun Hit,

"A Knight For a Day"

With Daphne Pollard, Alf Goulding, Melvin Stokes, La Valera, Fred Santley, Charles A. Mason and Company of Seventy Singing and Dancing Comedians with a Broadway Beauty Chorus.
Regular Morosco Prices: Nights and Saturday Matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1. Matinees Thursday and Sunday, 25c, 50c and 75c.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Main Street, Near Sixth

Second Week Commencing Sunday Afternoon, June 7
The Burbank Company Will Present the Internationally Famous Play

"The Dawn of a Tomorrow"

A Dream in Four Acts. By Frances Hodgson Burnett
Regular Burbank Prices: Nights 25, 50 and 75c. Matinees 25 and 50c.

Broadway bet. 6th & 7th
Home 10477, Main 977

OPHEUM THEATRE

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

AMERICA'S FINEST THEATER—ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, JUNE 8

The Water Queen, ODIVA and Trained Sea Lions

"SERGEANT BAGBY"
By Irvin Cobb.
"AERIAL LLOYDS"
Capable Casters
"AILEEN STANLEY"
Girl with a Personality
Symphony Orchestra Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Hearst-Selig World News Views
Every Night at 8—10-25-50-75c, Boxes \$1; Matinee at 2 Daily, 10-25-50c
Boxes 75c.
Saturday and Sunday Matinees, Night Prices.

MASON OPERA HOUSE

Broadway

Bet. 1st and 2nd Streets

Ten Days Only, Beginning Monday Matinee, June 8,
Terminating Thursday, June 18

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

She of the Form Divine, in

"NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER"

The Film Masterpiece of the World. Special Orchestra.
Every afternoon at 2:30. Every night at 8:30. Prices 25c and 50c.
All seats reserved and selling.

Established 1908

Wallis Dramatic School

Gamut Theater
1044 S. Hope St.
Main 3607

"JUSTICE"

First American Production of JOHN GALSWORTHY'S Great Forensic Tragedy, by Special Permission of the Playwright. Staged by Big Student Company.

MONDAY, JUNE 8

8:15 p. m.

ADMISSION 25c

MILLER'S THEATRE

Junction Ninth Spring and Main Street

Now showing. The big farce comedy production in three parts
"THE BILLIONAIRE"
Coming Monday—The Sixth episode of "The Perils of Pauline" at Miller's only.

Garrison succeeds in hiding from her husband the knowledge of her duplicity. Miss Bates' support is consistently good. Mabelle Adams and Company present a human interest sketch in "Wanda," a comedy drama by Edgar Allan Woolf. Lee Barth gives a number of dialect imitations, several of which are exceptionally clever. Master Gabriel & Company provide much entertainment with their one-act comedy, "Little Kick," the midget star scoring a large share of the applause which the week's bill is accorded. Leon Kimberly and Halsey

Mohr presenting their own original singing novelty, "Clubland," win favor and McDevitt, Kelly and Lucy in "The Piano Movers and the Actress" add to the fun-making. Charles Weber, comedy juggler, and the moving pictures complete a capital bill.

"Justice" by Wallis Students
Rather extraordinary in a cast requiring thirty male characters and but one woman—the proverbial "woman in the case" about whom the tragedy turns—John Galsworthy's great for-

ensic drama, "Justice," will have its first American production at Gamut theater Monday evening, by a student repertoire company of Wallis School of Dramatic Art. Critics, while admiring the enterprise and daring of the young folk, are gasping at their temerity in attacking so serious a form of drama, but rehearsals show good progress and deep interest has been exhibited by the entire student body. The advance sale of tickets indicates a healthy interest on the part of the public as well. In the cast are Burdell Jacobs as Cokeson, a clerk with a heart; Richard K. Schade, a defaulting clerk ruined by "justice"; Edward Wilhite, as Hector Frome, counsel for defense; Reginald Street, as Cleaver, counsel for the prosecution; George Wakefield Clark, as Justice Floyd; Glenn Palmer and John Lee Cabe as James and Walter How of the firm of How & How, and Jessica Dixon, as Ruth Honeywell, the woman in the case. Others in the cast are Erle Cawthorne Kenton, George Ignatius, Charles LeValle, S. Ardery Phelps, J. K. Boswell, Harry Lockwood, William Hibberts, C. C. Conklin, J. H. Mead, Robert Ralston, P. A. Young, Channing Follette, Andrews Sesma, Charles Ray, George Streeton, Fred Greenough, Leland J. Pickering, Harry Bock and other students in various grades of advancement in the course. In the last twelve-month the school has presented the following pretentious list of plays:

June 28—"Blue Bird" (children); July 28—"Vaudeville"—"The Cleverest Woman"—"The Lion and the Mouse"; Sept. 1—"The Blue Bird" (children); Sept. 15—"Cousin Kate"; Sept. 29—"The Human Vampire," written by Frank Cantello, a local man; Oct. 6—"Cousin Kate"; Oct. 27—"Vaudeville"—"Merely Mary Ann"—"Return of Peter Grimm"; Nov. 10—"The Blue Bird" (Children); Nov. 24—"The Blue Bird" (Children); Dec. 1—"Silver Snuff Box"; Dec. 30—"Divorce a Failure"; Jan. 12—"House or Home?" Jan. 26—"His Country Sweetheart"; Feb. 16—"Blue Bird" (Children); Feb. 23—"The Rich Uncle"—"The Other Woman," a Sketch; March 9—"The Lottery Man," Scene from "Ben Hur"; March 23—"William's Wife"; April 3—"The Miller's Daughter"; April 27—"Green Stockings"; May 11—"Joy"; May 25—"William's Wife." With the play of "Justice," June 8, the school will complete its 108th performance.

Another Week of "Peg"

"Peg o' My Heart" played for ten weeks at the Burbank theater, about two years ago, with Laurette Taylor in the titular role. But notwithstanding that unusually long run, theatergoers are flocking to the Majestic Theater this week again to see this popular comedy from the pen of J. Hartley Manners, and it will be continued throughout next week with the usual matinees. This time the leading role is played by Peggy O'Neil, who ably fills the part made famous by Miss Taylor.

Morosco Show Repeats

With the few imperfections that always mark the first performances of a big production, entirely removed, "A Knight for a Day" the big Gaiety show at the Morosco theater, has struck its proper stride and the play is proving to be one of the most genuine big musical comedies of the year in Los Angeles. It will be continued another week. Daphne Pollard and Alf Goulding, who head the cast, have been winning applause with every number. La Valera, the Spanish dancer, is one of the big attractions of the season. Melvin Stokes, Little Frances White and Fred Santley are also favorites.

Funny Policeman Continues

"Officer 666" is patrolling his laugh beat at the Burbank theater

this week to audiences that have crowded the Burbank at every performance and this big, sure-hit combination of farce and melodrama has proved to be just the sort of entertainment the Burbank patrons like the best. It will continue one more week. Forrest Stanley, Walter Catlett, Dick Vivian, Selma Paley, Beatrice Nichols, James K. Applebee, William Colvin and a host of others of the Burbank company are making the play progress at a rapid rate of speed.

Big Farce Film at Miller's

"The Billionaire," a three-reel farce comedy production made by the big Biograph company for Klaw and Erlanger, is the feature attraction on the big new program at Miller's Theater for the remainder of this week including Sunday. This offering is full of good hearty laughs and tells the story of John Doe, billionaire, and his efforts to spend money in new and original ways. He stages prize fights, builds theaters and does many other amusing things. In addition to this big feature which is having its first presentation in this city there is a two reel Vitagraph drama entitled "The Mystery of the Hidden House" and the newest news weekly. Monday's offering includes the first showing of the sixth episode of "The Perils of Pauline" and Miller's is the only downtown theater showing this interesting series first run.

Water Sprite at Orpheum

Odiva, the Samoan water sprite, will top the new Orpheum bill opening Monday matinee, a bill new in all save one act. Odiva is a little woman of perfect figure, who has been a swimmer almost since her birth. This season, she has added to her act by introducing a troupe of sea lions. Odiva has trained these ungainly animals thoroughly. Another act is the dramatization of Irvin Cobb's noted story, "Sergeant Bagby," which attracted much attention in an eastern weekly. This tale of New Orleans and Memorial Day, with the clash of two sets of veterans is a little masterpiece. The Nerrens, a musical team, and Harry Pauli and Hazel Boyne will provide melody. The Aerial Lloyds will do casting and other feats of daring. Aileen Stanley is known as "the girl with the personality" and she makes good her title in songs and clothes. The Kelli duo will play the accordion. The only act holding over is Kimberly and Mohr, who will again be seen in their singing skit, "In Clubland." June 22, as a special Anniversary Week feature, Effie Foy and the 7 Little Foys (for joy) will be the especial feature attraction.

Kellerman Film at Mason

Annette Kellerman in "Neptune's Daughter," a film masterpiece, opens an engagement at the Mason Opera House Monday matinee, and will continue for ten days, giving two performances daily. This picture not alone displays Miss Kellerman in a new role, that of water queen, but discloses her physical charm and hitherto unsuspected ability as an actress. "Neptune's Daughter" is something new in photoplays. The producer takes one to the peaceful Land of Make-Believe, and for two hours unfolds a tale that might well have come from the pages of Hans Christian Anderson. In the eight thousand feet of film, with five hundred scenes, each one a feature in itself, the atmosphere of reality in this production is said to be nearer perfect than that in any photoplay heretofore produced.

"The Sister of the Wind" will be the title of a new collection of poems by Grace Fallow Norton to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company this week.

Just Across The Street

GEORGE GOLDSMITH

formerly of 625 S. Spring has moved to the 2nd floor of the Meredith Building

620-622 So. Spring St.
Just across the street from his former location.

GEORGE GOLDSMITH

Maker of Men's Clothes

ON THE GREAT WHITE WAY

Winter runs are lingering in the lap of spring in New York. There are no fewer than ten bona fide successes occupying the theaters of Gotham this week—not forced, for advertising reasons, but merrily "galumphing," as Lewis Carroll might have said, right into the face of the heated season. The first to pass away is "A Scrap of Paper," in which John Drew and Ethel Barrymore have been playing at the Empire, the Sardou revival ending Saturday night of this week. This is the only announcement of the closing of an important production. Following is a list of the others which are still popular, their theaters and the duration of their engagements to date, as stated by their managers:

Longacre Theater, "A Pair of Sixes," farce, fourth month.

Gaiety, Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate," comedy. (Company from Chicago returns to resume former run.)

Eltinge, "The Yellow Ticket," comedy drama, sixth month.

Cohan's, "Potash and Perlmutter," comedy, 366 consecutive performances.

Casino, "High Jinks," musical comedy, seventh month.

Forty-Eighth Street, Broadhurst's "Today," ninth month.

Comedy, "Kitty MacKay," romantic comedy, sixth month.

Playhouse, "The Things That Count," drama, sixth month.

Thirty-Ninth Street, "Too Many Cooks," comedy, fifth month.

This is truly an unusual number of successful plays to be running at this time of the year, when most of the theaters are preparing in ordinary seasons to shut up shop, or put in any fillers that seem likely to catch the public fancy, and a few stray dollars, in the off season. There are few other offerings in the regular houses worth noticing. The Lambs have gamboled in and gamboled out with their "Million Dollar Show."

Raymond Hitchcock's "The Beauty Shop" is advertising seats on sale eight weeks in advance, but it is generally suspected that it will not

last that long on a basis of legitimate demand. "The Dummy," a comedy by Harvey J. O'Higgins and Harriet Ford seems to be holding its own. It is worthy of note that the only two really serious dramas of the entire list are "Today" and "Things That Count." The others are either straight comedy or comedy with musical attachments. The Broadway managers have still been unable to locate the kind of straight drama that the public wants.

In the world of vaudeville and its little sister the burlesque who used to be its big sister, there is considerable activity. "The Passing Show of 1914" will open Saturday evening at the Winter Garden, but there is an entire absence of notables in the list of participants. The Ziegfeld

"Follies" at the New Amsterdam theater is in little better condition, however, in this respect, excepting for the inevitable Bert Williams, but the New Amsterdam has an added attraction in an aerial garden where a "Danse de Follies" follows the performance downstairs, "tables for which may be reserved at the box office," all of which reminds one of Rupert Hughes' clever story of New York life, "What Will People Say?"

Hammerstein is not to be outdone in this battle of "follies" and has introduced a "Darktown Follies of 1914," another feature at his perennially popular house being a sensational pantomime, "The Temptation of Adam and Eve." There are several big, interesting picture plays. At the Knickerbocker Gabriel D'Annunzio's "Cabiria" opened this week at prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1. It is said to be a really remarkable production. Annette Kellerman is being seen at the Globe on the screen, and Paul Armstrong's drama of eugenics, "The Escape," occupies the Cort.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have postponed until the first of June their publication of "The Sheep Track," a novel of English society and the experiences of a woman who tried to escape from the conventional ruts in which it compelled her to pass her life.



Notably quaint and artistic were the appointments for the wedding Wednesday evening of Miss Sally McFarland and Mr. Paul Grimm, the ceremony being celebrated in St. John's Episcopal Church. The decorations were arranged to form a garden scene and the beautiful church was embowered with quantities of fragrant blossoms and greenery. A box hedge formed an aisle to the altar, which was ornamented with tall tapers. The pews were marked with clusters of pink lilies and large bows of tulle. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland of West Twenty-third street, entered on the arm of her father. She was attired in a handsome robe of white tulle with satin foundation, and made en train. Her veil was caught with a wreath of orange blossoms and was draped over her face. The bouquet was of lilies of the valley. Mrs. Leo Chandler, sister of the bride, was her matron of honor. She wore a beautiful gown of pink satin and tulle trimmed with clusters of French roses. A fluffy bow of tulle at each shoulder held the train which was draped around to the front and drawn through a cluster of roses. A sheath of pink blossoms was carried and a pink paradise adorned the coiffure. The maids of honor were Misses Katherine Stearns, Katherine Ramsay, Marjorie Ramsay and Emeline Childs, who were attired in pink accordian plaited tulle in spiral design and outlined with pink tulle roses of deeper tone. The costumes were finished with long trains of tulle draped from the shoulder. The bridesmaids' bouquets were arm clusters of Kil-larney buds. Mr. Leo Chandler assisted the groom as best man. Ushers included Messrs. Arden Day, Charles Sheedy, John Rankin and Garrettson Dulin. Rev. Dr. George Davidson officiated and following the church ceremony a reception was given at the adjoined homes of the bride's sister, Mrs. Leo Chandler, and mother, Mrs. Dan McFarland. The interiors were decorated with a profusion of American Beauty roses and syringa. The bride's table was arranged with lilies of the valley and white tulle and the center piece was a large wedding cake, sent by the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Albert McFarland. In the garden a buffet supper was served, being set amidst hundreds of potted hydrangeas, while Japanese lanterns provided a soft-toned illumination. Mr. and Mrs. Grimm, both of whom are favorites in the local younger set, will enjoy a motoring trip through Southern California and later be at home at 2361 Thompson street.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Vail of Crenshaw boulevard who sailed last week on the Hong Kong Maru from San Francisco, have sent word via wireless to friends here that they arrived safely in Honolulu, where they make the first stop on their world's tour.

Quite a number of the members of the board of the Symphony are in Europe at the present time and this local colony abroad is soon to be augmented by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Barrett who will sail from New York June 9 on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. They plan to be away five months and will motor through France, Germany, Spain and Northern Europe. Among the members of

the Symphony board already abroad are Mrs. L. J. Selby in Berlin; Mrs. L. N. Brunswig in Paris, Mrs. Irving Ingraham in Austria, Mrs. Belle Barlow Bush and Mrs. R. R. Blacker of Pasadena who will soon go to England, while Mr. Tandler is now in Vienna.

Mr. Howard G. Rath, and Rev. Tyler Dennett who sailed from San Francisco May 14 on the Mongolia have arrived safely in Yokohama, whence they will continue to China, the Philippines, Straits Settlement, Ceylon, Arabia, Egypt and Europe. Of interest to many friends was the wedding Thursday of Miss Lucile Hellman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hellman of Harvard boulevard to Mr. Alvin Frank. Rev. Sigmund Hecht read the service, the ceremony taking place in the B'nai B'rith temple. Mrs. Gus Harris assisted as matron of honor. Misses Elsa Baruch and Marian Adler were maids of honor and the bridesmaids assisting were Misses Alice Schwab, Frances Newmark, Lacey Read and Josephine Goldsmith. Mr. Lawrence Frank assisted his brother as best man and the ushers were Messrs. Herbert Adler, Paul Lowenthal, L. T. Kingsbaker, Karl Levy, Richard Schuster and Alfred Meyer, the latter of San Francisco.

One of the most artistically appointed weddings of the month will be that of Miss Isabelle Watson, son, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Staats of Pasadena, to Mr. Stuart O'Melveny, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny of Wilshire boulevard. The marriage will be celebrated this evening just at twilight at the beautiful home of the bride's parents, 55 North Grand avenue, Pasadena, and it will be a garden affair. Following the wedding service a tea will be served. Miss Watson's maid of honor will be her sister, Miss Clara Watson and the bridesmaids will be Miss Theodora Robbins, Miss Helen Staats, Miss Jane Stimson and Miss Dorothy Bailey. Mr. Donald O'Melveny will serve his brother as best man. The ushers who will assist will be Messrs. Sayre Macneill, Morgan Adams, Jack McFarland, Paige Monteagle of San Francisco and Maynard McFie.

Preceding the rehearsal for the Grimm-McFarland wedding Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler gave an informal dinner for the bridal party at their home on West Twenty-third street. Pink roses and tulle were used in decorating the table. The guests included Mrs. Dan McFarland, Miss Sally McFarland, Miss Katherine Ramsey, Miss Marjorie Ramsey, Miss Emmeline Childs, Miss Katherine Stearns, Mr. Paul Grimm, Mr. Arden Day, Mr. Charles Sheedy, Mr. John Rankin and Mr. Garrettson Dulin.

Several delightful pre-nuptial affairs have been given this week in honor of Miss Lucy Smith of Pasadena, who will become the bride of Mr. Edward Lawrence Doheny, Jr., Wednesday, June 10. One of the most enjoyable was the tea given Friday afternoon by Mrs. J. Crampton Anderson, aunt of the young bride-groom elect. Mrs. Anderson was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny; Mrs. W. H. Smith, mother of the bride-elect, and Mes. Anson Lisk, J. Clark Smith, Dwight Hart, Fred Johnson, Charles

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Of much interest in Los Angeles society circles will be the marriage today in London, England, of Miss Harriet Severance, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance of this city and San Bernardino, to Mr. John Randall Munn of East Orange, New Jersey. Miss Severance went abroad in company with Mr. and Mrs. Melville Young, the latter formerly Miss Fannie Rowan, and the wedding in London will be unostentatiously celebrated. Later, Mr. Munn and his bride will go to Brazil where the former has business interests, and eventually they plan to return to Boston, Mass., to make their home. Mr. Munn visited California last January at which time he was a guest at the country place of his fiancee's parents. The engagement which culminated his visit here was not announced until a fortnight ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning were host and hostess Sunday at an informal dinner given at their home in Wilmington in compliment to Mrs. Henry W. Jensen, formerly Miss Echo Allen, who is visiting here with relatives while her husband, Lieutenant Commander Jensen is on duty off the coast of Mexico. The guests who motored down to Wilmington, included Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wrenn,

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 21, 1914.

017573 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Hal. W. Vaughan of Cornell, California, who, on January 29, 1913, made homestead entry, No. 017573, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 9, and NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 8th day of July, 1914, at 9:00 a.m.
Claimant names as witnesses: Frank H. Thew, Mrs. Bessie Haney, Charles M. Decker, all of Cornell, Cal., and James F. Vaughan, of Los Angeles, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

brother-in-law and sister of Mrs. Jensen; Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant and Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Huntington.

Third of a series of luncheons was given Friday by Mrs. Willitts J. Hole and her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Knight Rindge, at the former's home on West Sixth street. The tables were attractively decorated for the occasion with a quantity of fragrant blossoms and greenery. The guest of honor was Miss Margaret Miller, who will be married June 24 to Mr. Edward E. Bennett. Many delightful prenuptial affairs have been given in Miss Miller's honor since the announcement of her betrothal. Tuesday she was entertained by Mrs. William Ford and her daughter at the home, 805 Lake street. Mrs. Edward Bacon of Magnolia avenue will give an affair for her this afternoon and her hostesses for next week include Mrs. Theodore Cadwalader, June 9; and Mrs. Rex G. Hardt, June 13.

With Saturday last a holiday, a large number of Los Angeles folk enjoyed motor trips to the Crags Country Club for the week end. Col. and Mrs. William May Garland were among those who were there for over Sunday. Another party was formed of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Silent, Judge Silent and Miss Cora Watkins. Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick and Mr. and Mrs. John Fairchild also enjoyed the outing there and among others were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irwin Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Potter. Mrs. J. B. Lippincott with her son and daughter entertained several friends at a house party at the Crags, remaining themselves for a longer sojourn.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. George J. Denis, Mrs. Granville MacGowan and Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dunn have returned from an enjoyable motoring trip to the Yosemite. En route home the party stopped at the Edwin J. Marshall rancho, "Jesus Maria," in Santa Barbara county where they were joined by Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. James Calhoun Drake and Mrs. Philip Andrus.

Culminating a pretty romance which had its inception two years ago at the ball given at Hotel del Coronado for those attending the Bankers' Convention, Miss Lois Virginia Brown, daughter of Mrs. Walter Lee Brown of Evanston, Illinois, will be married this evening to Mr. Harold Engelgar Angier, son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Angier of San Diego. The wedding will take place at Cliffe Court, the new home of the young couple, and will be largely attended by prominent society folk from Los Angeles and San Diego. A wedding supper will be served following the ceremony, and later there will be dancing. The bride will be attired in a gown of white charmeuse and rose point and will wear an imported veil. Miss Delight Brown, sister of the bride, and Miss Carolyn Angier, sister of the groom will assist as bridesmaids. They will wear pink embroidered chiffon gowns. Mr. Corlies Angier will attend his brother as best man. Mr. Angier and his bride will go north for their honeymoon trip, returning later to their home in La Jolla. Miss Brown, the bride-elect is a talented young woman, and a graduate of Vassar. She has traveled extensively abroad with her mother and sister. When in Los Angeles two years ago she was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fishburn of Harvard boulevard, who are relatives. Among those from Los Angeles who have gone down to La Jolla for the wedding are Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fishburn, Miss Iva J. Angier and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lewis Burn. Several house parties have been planned for the week end and Mr. and Mrs. Burn and Miss Angier will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Angier. Later in the week

they will be the guests of friends for a motoring trip through the mountain section of San Diego's back country, where Mr. Burn will sketch and his wife will gather local color for a novel which she is preparing for an eastern publisher.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Barrett left this week for an extended European trip. They will sail from New York on the Kai-serin Auguste Victoria June 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Brown have moved into their new home at 108 South Alexandria avenue.

Mrs. Frederick Hooker Jones of West Adams street entertained Wednesday afternoon with a dansant and garden party in compliment to Miss Marguerite Bricker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Bricker whose engagement to Mr. Olin J. Hessell was announced recently. The home was prettily decorated with a profusion of Shasta daisies, Canterbury bells and greenery. Mrs. Jones is planning to leave soon for the east for an indefinite stay and this will be the last entertainment she will give prior to her departure.

About fifty guests were delightfully entertained last Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. John Beardsley at their home, 5743 Huntington Drive. The home was artistically decorated for the occasion with a profusion of flowers and greenery. A feature of the evening was the musical program rendered by Julian Pascal, whose piano selections included a large and varied number of compositions, many of which were his own.

Among the most delightful of the week's society affairs will be the informal garden tea which Mrs. John S. Vallely and her daughter, Mrs. Geoffrey O'Connell of Kenwood avenue, will give this afternoon at the home of the former, 3452 South Flower street. Guests will include only a few of the hostesses' many friends and the occasion will be an informal one.

Mrs. Orra E. Monnette was hostess Wednesday afternoon at a prettily appointed luncheon given at her home on Wilshire boulevard. The decorations were yellow roses, and places were laid for eighteen guests.

In honor of Miss Gladys Lindsay, who is to be one of the June brides, Mrs. E. M. Davis of Harvard boulevard entertained Wednesday afternoon with an informal bridge party. Shasta daisies and pansies were used in the decorations.

Of interest to a host of friends was the marriage Wednesday evening of Miss Mary Edna Cook, daughter of Mrs. E. T. Cook, to Mr. Harry Hammond Beall. The ceremony was celebrated at the home of the bride's mother, 1101 West Forty-seventh street. Rev. Philip Bird of Pomona officiating. The home was artistically decorated for the occasion, a profusion of flowers and greenery being used. The bridal party stood beneath a canopy of blossoms and ferns, and above was suspended a wedding bell of white roses. The bride, who entered the room on the arm of her brother-in-law, was given away by her mother. Her gown was of white crepe meteor satin, with trimmings of rose point lace, and she carried a bouquet of bride's roses showered with lilies of the valley. Mr. Beall and his bride will enjoy an extended wedding trip and after July 1 will be at home at the Merritt Jones hotel in Ocean Park.

Mrs. Arthur Letts of Hollywood was hostess Wednesday at an informal luncheon in compliment to Miss Cora Auten of Pasadena, whose marriage to Mr. Charles Baxter will take place in the near future. Sweet peas and ferns formed the table decoration and places were set for Miss Auten,

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ty-third street entertained informally at bridge Wednesday afternoon. Spring blossoms and foliage were used in affecting a pretty decoration and four tables were filled for the playing. This is one of a series of bridge teas with which Mrs. Hughes is entertaining, this season.

Edwin Markham's new book of poems, bearing the title, "The Shoes of Happiness," will be among the early fall publications.

Mrs. West Hughes of West Twen-

Music

Otto Kahn, one of the leading opera financiers of New York, thinks the Century Opera Company did not make its expected success last season because English was used exclusively. He says too much English keeps the foreign element away from the opera. Doubtless, there is reason in what Mr. Kahn says. New York city alone being considered. There are, for example, half a million Italians in New York, enough to form a supporting population by themselves, for Italian opera. And there are more Germans, and possible as many French. But these peoples are provided with opera by the Metropolitan company, which gives nothing in English. Is no attention to be paid to the two or three million English speakers in New York? But when one leaves the metropolis—then this is an English speaking country. Provide the foreigners with their vernacular opera, if it must be, but give the many millions of Americans in other cities opera in their own tongue—that should be the slogan of the music-loving people all over the country.

When we come to Los Angeles, how many persons can follow, with a thorough understanding of the languages, opera sung in Italian, French and German? Possibly not one-tenth of those who attend the opera. And that tenth knows also the English, so they would not be robbed were the works sung in English. Then the question would remain, "What kind of English is to be sung?" Frankly, I am floored by that query; or, rather, I would have to admit that probably it would be bad English, so bad that the plot of the opera could not be followed through the enunciation of the singers. Into such a state is operatic English fallen. David Bispham's propaganda for good English in song will have to be extended before we have opera in such English as an Englishman can understand.

At the Cincinnati May festival, last month, a performance of Bach's B minor mass was given, which had been in course of preparation for two years. Los Angeles would have undertaken to give it after four months' practice. It is such presentations as that at Cincinnati which mark a city a musical center; in the first place, by furnishing choristers of sufficient ability to sing such a work; in the second place, by the enthusiasm which holds them to so long a course of study; in the third place, by financing a great performance, with an orchestra of absolute ability; and in the fourth place, by turning out an immense audience at good prices, to hear the concert. Those are the things which make a city musical. It need not be so great a work as the Bach mass, but what is given should be with proportionate care, or the public will not attend future performances.

In writing of the lamentable death of Mme. Nordica, attention is called to two features of her career. She was one of the first American singers to compel European homage and impress on foreigners the fact that America could produce great voices. And in later years she sounded the warning, which lately has been emphasized by John C. Freund and others, against the practice of sending immature girls to Europe for musical study, before they are well grounded in technic, in finance or in character. To assist in dispelling this European fever, the singer had a pet project of establishing, at a point on the Hudson river, a school of music in the higher grades, which, amid safe and proper surroundings, should furnish the proper instruction for operatic career. This project she did not live to carry out, though the preliminary plans were well underway.

St. Paul, Minn., is raising a \$60,000 symphony guarantee. At last news of this, two-thirds the amount was subscribed and the remainder confidently expected. Los Angeles asks only half that much and, with the experience of last year in mind, doubtless will raise it. As the art and the art-giving spirit grows among the wealthy, all of these projects for higher culture in art matters will find a readier response. In all its seventeen years of symphony, Los Angeles never had a symphony fiasco. The work was the best that could be done or could be expected in the circumstances, and often at little or no remuneration for the director and business manager. Other projects have had their ups and downs; but the Los Angeles symphony project never has had a "slump" and today stands better in the minds of the musical public than ever.

When the Chicago Grand Opera Company was in Los Angeles there was a certain amount of protest at the high cost of seats for its performances. What would the protestants say at recent Paris prices for seats at the premiere of Richard Strauss' new ballet, "The Legend of Joseph"? The best seats were \$40 and those in the fourth gallery were eight dollars. Little wonder that Strauss has been buying real estate in Berlin. But the Chicago opera management is not buying realty with the proceeds of its western trip—which left a deficit of \$60,000, it is reported from Chicago.

At times it is thought that Los Angeles offers plenty of musical prodigies. What would be thought of the number that appear at the contests in the English musical festivals—in one of them Dr. Coward had to hear forty-six candidates between 16 and 17 years of age, sing the same song; and another judge had to listen to thirty-three pianistic buds of about twelve years play the same Bach number. Hard on the judges but good for the contestants. If we had more of that sort of rivalry in America, greater interest would be taken in music.

L.E. Behymer has been "on the wing" for the last several weeks, combining business with pleasure in his tour of central California and into the Yosemitic. Next to the annual play produced by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, in the woods, "Shakuntala," a Hindu drama of the Himalayas, bids fair to attract attention. At Rock Springs, on the top of Mt. Tamalpais, the second annual performance of this mystical play of the East was given May 17 to a large audience. Mr. Behymer declared the setting of this play and its



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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
April 8th, 1914.

021746. Non-coal

NOTICE is hereby given that Cora Etta Henry, whose post-office address is 436 North Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office sworn Statement and Application, No. 021746, to purchase the Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 14, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land thereon has been appraised, at \$337.50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of June, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m., at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
May 6, 1914.

011775. Non-coal

NOTICE is hereby given that Christ Brandt, of Calabasas, California, who, on November 19, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 011775, for N½ NW¼, SE¼ NW¼, Section 25, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 23rd day of June, 1914, at 9:00 a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Nine Zanetta Lacroq, of Topanga, California; George Crosby Tucker, Charles Edwin Carell, Perrin Sale Trowbridge, all of Calabasas, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

approach could be surpassed by nothing in the Alps. The play was excellently produced in attention to detail, and in historical correctness. It was translated from the original Sanskrit by Dr. Arthur W. Ryder and was produced under the direction of Garnet Holme, formerly of Los Angeles. Before enjoying this week end, Mr. Behymer closed his three Philharmonic courses, in Fresno, San Jose and Sacramento with the Flonzaley quartet. No combination of artists could have proved more gratifying. For next season Fresno probably will hear John McCormack, Josef

(Continued on Page 13.)

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brilliant blacks
Savagely massed with strong and
angry skill
Against a furious orange-colored cloth,
A canvas rioting with love and hate;
Colors that grappled, snarled and lash-
ed the soul—
Never have I beheld such fierce con-
tempt
Nor heard a voice so full of vehemence
life
As this that shouted from a bowl of
fruit—
High pitched, malignant, lusty and
perverse;
Brutal with a triumphant restlessness
And joy that cannot heal but laughs
and stabs.

I never knew the man that did this
thing,
This bowl of fruit upon a piece of silk,
And yet I know him better than I
know my friends.

—Louis Untermeyer in the Forum.

At the Reynolds gallery this week and next may be seen an exhibition of thirteen portraits in sanguine, by E. Charlton Fortune of San Francisco. On my recent visit to the northern city I was bidden to view a collection of studies by this young woman and was forewarned that I was about to see an exhibition of red chalk drawings by the foremost portrait painter of San Francisco. I am not in a position at this time to dispute the artist's claim to the latter distinction, but I do take exception to the "red chalk" part of it. Chalk drawings have become so common in the last ten years that one shuns the galleries where they are shown. We know the brand far too well and I assure you that the Fortune show deserves a better name. As a rule, a chalk drawing suggests to our minds the pale, fragile renderings of a summer art student or the young woman who sketches on her travels.

* * *

I have seen thousands of nice little cards, depicting flower markets, court yards and details of old-world architecture, gracefully suggested in colored chalk on delicately-tinted board. These efforts are all right so far as they go, but the world is already overrun with lovely nothings.

Did you ever stop to think that there are now about three times too many things on earth to date? If a competent jury could be selected to make a huge bonfire of all the unworthy products that have accumulated, the world would be vastly benefited. This may be outside of my subject, which is to prove to you that the work now on view at the Reynolds gallery is in a class by itself and is unique in the way of sanguine drawings. In fact, to speak of this work as red chalk is an error at best, for often the artist employs other colors to express her model. I am confident that the class of portraits shown at this time will find favor in Los Angeles. The artist draws with a sure hand and models with rare understanding. She sees beyond the mere outward semblance and hints at the real character without apparent offense. As a rule, per-

sons who sit for a portrait would better employ a well-chosen professional model for the purpose. They do not care for a picture that really looks like them. At any rate they demand the mere outward mask and resent the talent that can get beyond the skin and lay bare the real man.

* * *

E. Charlton Fortune was born near San Francisco. She was educated in Scotland, returning to San Francisco to begin her study of art. She passed four years at the Art Students' League in New York, where she became one of the league's vice-presidents. Leaving New York, she returned to Scotland, where she remained two years, painting and exhibiting. For the last two years this talented woman has maintained a studio in San Francisco where she painted many prominent people of the bay cities. I assure you that San Francisco believes in Charlton Fortune and we find this a sterling recommendation.

* * *

The Ralph Davison Miller exhibition at the Steckel gallery is more or less of a sensation. Mr. Miller is showing about thirty landscapes and marine studies in oil, and he has seen fit to frame them in flat, white frames. That is to say, he has framed the majority in this manner. Three or four of the large canvases are shown in heavy gold frames which rather destroy the effect of the show. White frames and gold frames are not in friendly relation when hanging side by side upon a gallery wall. For some time past white frames have been the vogue in foreign art circles. The post-impressionists have employed them to excellent purpose in showing collections of their works. They seem in keeping with the radical character of the new movement in art. It is a rather daring thing that Miller has done, for the nature of his work is as far apart from post-impressionism as the north pole is from the south. It is surprising to note that the scheme is successful in a degree and the general effect is not unlovely. Miller is showing an entirely new collection at this time and a number of his canvases deserve more space than I am able to give them at this time.

* * *

C. P. Townsley is showing the collection of landscapes in oil colors at the Woman's Club House, which was recently displayed at Throop College in Pasadena.

* * *

Annual exhibition of the work of the students of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design will be held Friday and Saturday, June 12 and 13.

* * *

The six instructors in the art department of the California state normal school are holding an exhibition of their works Friday and Saturday of the present week. The exhibitors are Nellie Huntington Gere, Anna P. Brooks, Esther M. Crawford, Bessie E. Hagan, Louise Frear Pinkney, and Doris Rosenthal.

* * *

The special collection of eighty canvases representing the ten mural painters for the San Francisco Exposition will open at the Gallery of Fine Arts Friday, June 12, with a private view from two to four. The exhibition will be open to the public every day for three weeks.

Music and Musicians

(Continued from Page 12.)

Lhevinne, Efrem Zimbalist, and the Barrere ensemble; San Jose favors Ganz, the pianist, Julia Culp, Zimbalist the violinist, the Barrere ensemble; while Sacramento is practically decided upon Zimbalist, Culp, Slezak, the tenor, Lhevinne and the Barrere company

"B" writes from the Yosemite as follows: "We passed Sunday in the valley, and such a day—my allegiance to the Grand Canyon has grown a little slack. I really think this the greatest of all American pictures. The great, grim, majestic, solid, terraced and turreted mountain, with its weather-scarred countenance, and its magnificent setting for the background; then its splendid clothing, the wondrous verdure, the firs, dogwood, lilies, the moss and lichens, the big trees, oaks, trailing vines-fitting robes for the kings of the mountains—with the ever-changing colors of green. Then the life of the mountain, the bounding, leaping, caressing, scolding, buffeting, gurgling waters—the ever-changing, the ever-moving spirit of the eternal snows, warmed into life by the sun and then surrounding all, giving vitality to the very granite itself as decomposing it enters with the seeping drops and from it springs the verdure raiment of the sleeping giants. Yes, it is marvelously wrought, the great picture of Nature." It is well that the Yosemite has a real press agent. Behymer will leave about June 10 for his annual pilgrimage to the east, visiting New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver.

Jo Anderson is fortunate in having as a pupil so talented a young pianist as Marjorie Nichols. This young woman made an excellent impression in her performance with the Woman's Orchestra last fall, and followed it up with a program Wednesday of last week at Blanchard hall, in which she made equal success. A good part was devoted to Chopin and the remainder to modern romantic composers, among them Henry Schoenfeld who contributed a serenade, in manuscript. The Brassin arrangement of the "Magic Fire" music of Wagner, was one of Miss Nichols' most brilliant selections and one which of itself would have proved her to have a largely developed technique. Several of her numbers showed her also to have a well developed piano sentiment and to be well schooled in the various elements of high class performance.

At the Gamut Club Friday evening a program of Vernon Spencer's compositions was given by the composer himself in the piano numbers, Anthony Carlson, basso, Oscar Seiling, violin, and Mrs. Catherine Shank, soprano. Mr. Spencer's compositions are invariably scholarly, and free from cheap, popular appeal, which does not necessarily mean that they are not popular. The program was given in connection with the meeting of the Music Teachers' Association.

Last Sunday night, Ernest Douglas and Jean de Chauvenet presented a musical service at St. Paul's pro-cathedral which comprised their own works. Mr. Douglas was represented by an organ suite, with a piano adjunct; Mr. De Chauvenet offered a rhapsody, with himself at the piano, Oscar Werner playing the violin part and Mr. Douglas playing the orchestral parts on the organ. This service was in conjunction with a talk on music in the church, delivered by Dean McCormack.

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Books

"The New Optimism" is a title that should attract many people in these times when there is an increasing reaction against mechanism and pessimism in philosophy and against scepticism in religious matters. The church is regaining some power, partly because it is adapting itself to the new conditions, and partly because of its continued emphasis of the hopeful; and the latest word in philosophy is humanistic. We have grown tired of Schopenhauer and Zola and Hardy, and transfer our unstable favor to Bergson and Romance. But the danger is that we may become too uncritical, and accept a weak optimism in our revolt. Pessimism has been strong, whatever its faults in the way of distortion and false emphasis. And it seems to me that H. de Vere Stacpoole is a little too glib in his expression of a new optimism, and that his system has some weakness. It is, in a way, the old attempt to reconcile science and religion.

He starts out with a brief though easily comprehended history of the world from the evolutionary, the only sound, point of view. Then he examines human nature and shows that those reformers are wrong who plan for a Utopia that is merely theoretically perfect, for he says truly that reform that fails to take account of human weakness is destined to failure. Socialism is in error because it treats of the nation as an aggregate of individuals, whereas Dr. Stacpoole pertinently points out that not the individual, but the family, is the unit of society. Herein lies the really important contribution of this little book, and this thought is worth pondering. One wonders, however, whether Dr. Stacpoole takes due determination of the demands of the individual. Carrying on the eternal dualism in life and in thought, the individual is seen to be in continual conflict with the family. He is, therefore, in error who in laudation of the primary value of the family forgets that the individual is just as valuable and just as primary.

Socialism fails because of its neglect of the family and family virtues; Syndicalism fails because of its misconception of the very nature of business; Anarchism fails because it is unconstructive (it is valuable in that it maintains a spirit of unrest, for motion is life.) The energy expended by the adherents of each is, however, a hopeful sign. Feminism fails because it assumes that woman is essentially different from man. This criticism is all very valuable, and will be found interesting by those readers who like to exercise their minds on fundamental problems.

The world is not all right as it is, neither is it all wrong. If people would understand the conditions and then set themselves to their improvement by beginning with the amelioration of the material bases of life, the world would stride forward hopefully into the future.

When the author writes his appendix on Haeckel he shows himself somewhat confused among philosophical distinctions. It is unfortunate that he had to write the appendix for it vibrates to some degree the unity and compact quality of the little essay. Withal, however, the book is simple and easily grasped; it is suggestive, sympathetic and hopeful.

("The New Optimism." By H. de Vere Stacpoole, John Lane Co., Bullock's Book Store.) C. K. J.

Magazines of the Month

Sunset for June has its usual distinctive flavor of the West. The special function of this, the only large monthly of general circulation published west of the Mississippi, is represented by an article on "My Recollections of the Vigilante Days" by Edward P. Flint, who was one of the participants in the administration of justice by that unique body, an article on the Puget Sound Country by Walter V. Woehlke, a continuation of E. Alexander Powell's "Log of the Sunset Car," being a transcription of impressions upon a motor journey along the coast, photographs of the exposition grounds in San Francisco as they appear today and the usual gallery of "Interesting Westerners." The latter includes a sketch of a popular moving picture actress, Kathryn Williams, who has been the star of film dramas produced in Los Angeles. H. E. Huntington's beautiful home at Oak Knoll is described in picture and text as "the most truly magnificent residence in the whole of California." There is an interesting array of fiction, and a soupcon of humor in which Peter B. Kyne is the chief purveyor through the medium of "A Partial Biography," telling of his recollections of early life on a farm.

Elizabeth Towne devotes the greater part of the June number of the Nautilus to an exposition of her views on marriage and divorce. When any person attempts to solve the knotty problems of the relations of the sexes in the terms of any particular dogma, or freedom from dogma, the result is not happy. For instance, Mrs. Towne informs her readers in italics that "the lack of money is the root of fifty per cent of family jars and consequent divorce," and attributes the other fifty per cent to the false standards which are based on the idea that to be happy one must spend more wealth than his neighbor, which is simply an extension of the previous dictum. As a matter of statistics this is not so, and in the class of society most addicted to divorce the cause is too much money and reckless expenditure thereof. There is a good deal of excellent philosophy in much of what Mrs. Towne says, but it adds little to the sum of human knowledge on this vexed question. E. B. Warman contributes his answer to the question, "Does the Soul Leave the Body?" but the best feature of this New Thought publication continues to be Anne Warner's "Little Lessons in Living."

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce that they have established a moving picture department, under the charge of Mrs. Alberta S. Eagan, which will take care of all questions pertaining to the moving picture rights of their books and will prepare scenarios of novels for consideration by producing companies.

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Week's News You Need to Know

We apologize for the extreme length of this department. The entire story of the creation of the world as told by Moses is much shorter. But when Moses was not hampered by newspaper precedents.

Friday, May 29

IN LOS ANGELES: Philip A. Kilfoil sentenced to twenty years in prison for betrayal of Lillian Palmer, aged 14, but this will not relieve the public of the malodorous affair, as attorneys are preparing to keep the case in courts on appeal. * * * Edgar D. Byron, arrested on a charge of attempting to blackmail Mayor T. H. Dudley of Santa Monica, is believed to be one of an organized gang of criminals in this line, and a nation-wide search is begun for his confederates; this is journalese for hunting for an accomplice in places as distant as Long Beach and La Habra. * * * W. W. Mines elected president of Los Angeles Realty Board.

ELSEWHERE: Empress of Ireland, C. P. R. liner, sunk in collision with a collier in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and hundreds drowned. * * * Fifth earthquake in two days shakes Alaska. * * * Supreme court refuses new trials to Ralph Fariss, murderer of Horace Montagu whose widow has been writing letters asking that the killer be not hanged, and to Louis A. Larsen who slew his wife with a beer bottle in the Verdugo hills. However, the governor is yet to be heard from.

Saturday, May 30

IN LOS ANGELES: Memorial Day was observed with customary ceremonies. * * * Police warned by woman of attempt to be made to rob Hellman Bank at Second and Broadway. **ELSEWHERE:** Parents of Katherine Winters, nine-year-old girl who has been missing, arrested on conspiracy charge, with a telegraph operator. * * * Mediation drags along at Niagara Falls, Carranza complicating the situation by demanding representation and at the same time continuing operations against Huerta.

Sunday, May 31

IN LOS ANGELES: Captain John D. Fredericks issues a statement declaring finally that he will not be a candidate for governor, and that reports to the contrary were unauthorized, which caused considerable joy in certain quarters and genuine regret in others. * * * Police learn that warning of proposed bank robbery was spite work on the part of a young woman who has kept her nineteen years of life busy, principally by getting other people in hot water. * * * Post office at Palms robbed, but that didn't worry the good people down there half so much as the annexation election. **ELSEWHERE:** Ernesto Nathan, former mayor of Rome, arrives in San Francisco as commissioner for Italy at the Exposition. * * * Mazatlan water supply cut off by besieging Constitutionalists, and city is in darkness. * * * Final computation of dead in Empress of Ireland disaster is 969.

Monday, June 1

IN LOS ANGELES: City library moves to Metropolitan Building, Fifth and Spring streets. * * * Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst resigns from library board and is installed as president of Woman's City Club. * * * President Taft's withdrawal of 2,871,000 acres of California oil lands in 1907 declared invalid by Judge Dooling of the Federal District Court. * * * Another misfortune at Palms—the gerrymander annexation election succeeded and the queer-shaped district is "taken in." * * * Pressure

brought to bear to keep Captain Fredericks in the race for governor, despite his declaration that he will not run, and the endeavor to replace him with E. A. Meserve. * * * "Prosperity" or "Nimble Dollar Week" begins, the theory being that if everyone spends a lot of money, everyone will have more, a simple proposition in misapplied economics. **ELSEWHERE:** Mount Lassen in Northern California has its first eruption in the memory of white men, the stability of the state being maintained by Governor Johnson spouting at Ventura. * * * Suffragettes burn church near Henley, England, built in 1538, proving conclusively that they are entitled to vote. * * * House passes provision in anti-trust bill exempting farmers and labor unions. * * * Villa reaffirms loyalty to Carranza continuing operations against Huerta.

Tuesday, June 2

IN LOS ANGELES: Captain Fredericks reconsiders his refusal to run for governor and comes out as candidate for the Republican nomination. * * * Announcement of new Chinese steamship line with Los Angeles as headquarters in America. * * * President W. A. Clark of the Salt Lake Railway announces plans for new line across the mountains from San Bernardino to Daggett. **ELSEWHERE:** Huerta is about to resign again. * * * Captain of the Storstadt is unofficially exonerated of charge of backing vessel away and permitting Empress of Ireland to sink—Death list grows to 1024.

Wednesday, June 3

IN LOS ANGELES: Inventory of estate of John Singleton places value of former millionaire's property at \$215,648. * * * Woman at Long Beach kills two of her three children and herself and leaves note accusing doctor of causing her mental breakdown. * * * Clarence P. Bowers, former stock broker, found guilty of using mails in land fraud. * * * Mayor Rose urges abandonment of Silver Lake Park project for sake of economy, at present.

ELSEWHERE: Mellen's New Haven confession partly substantiated by two directors, James S. Elton and William Skinner, at hearing in Washington. * * * Woodward W. Duke, son of Brodie Duke, the tobacco man, and of Mrs. Frank May of Pasadena, was killed in an automobile accident in an Ocean-to-Ocean journey.

Thursday, June 4

IN LOS ANGELES: Woman who killed herself and two children at Long Beach declared to have been insane and doctor she accused released. * * * Police hunting for Reatta Watson, whom the reporters delight to describe as "The Fatal Beauty," because she is supposed to have been a party to a bigamous marriage.

ELSEWHERE: New Haven probe continues at Washington. * * * Huerta, variously reported about to resign, and in fear for life, resumes offensive against Constitutionalists. * * * New York Progressives confer over but not with Roosevelt.

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 percent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 12, 1914.

020374 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Lynn H. Case, whose post-office address is 1327 3rd St., Santa Monica, California, did, on the 24th day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020374, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 27, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of July, 1914, at 11:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif., May 20th, 1914.

Non-coal.
019957
NOTICE is hereby given that Floyd B. Calvert, whose post-office address is 1317 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, Cal., did, on the 25th day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019957, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif., May 20th, 1914.

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020471
NOTICE is hereby given that Grace N. Shirley, whose post-office address is 2214 3rd street, Santa Monica, Cal., did, on the 6th day of October, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020471, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$, and W $\frac{1}{2}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$300.00, the stone estimated at \$150.00, and the land \$150.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 4th day of August, 1914, at 11:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

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FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 19, 1914.

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NOTICE is hereby given that George Stepanek, whose post-office address is 1812 E. 6th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 25th day of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 023101, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of July, 1914, at 11:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 16, 1914.

020719 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Walter Linsley Kinsaid, whose post-office address is Sierra Madre, California, did, on the 27th day of October, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020719, to purchase the E $\frac{1}{2}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 27, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 27th day of July, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif., April 24, 1914.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that James T. L. Harris, whose post-office address is Westgate, California, did, on the 18th day of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 022018, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 20; and NW $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 29, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at four hundred dollars, the stone at \$200.00, and the land at \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 2nd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif., May 12, 1914.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Albert C. Amet, whose post-office address is Box 1873, Ocean Park, California, did, on the 26th day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021631, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00; the stone estimated at \$100.00, and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

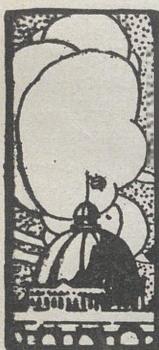
Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



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Stocks & Bonds

While the stock markets elsewhere in the country have maintained their indifferent aspect, there has been a revival of interest locally this week, owing to the favorable decision from an oil company standpoint, rendered by Federal Judge Dooling in the "withdrawal" case. He termed the order issued by President Taft in September, 1909, illegal, and although the government may appeal the action against the oil companies, it is now generally believed that a reversal of the decision will not follow. Already, in a similar case in Wyoming, the government lost. Subsequently, an appeal was taken to the supreme court of the United States, and a decision is expected in this suit before long. If the decree of the Wyoming judge is upheld, it will settle once and for all that the California companies are to operate their properties and derive a full revenue therefrom. Those who have wished to "play fair" with the government, have been under the necessity of putting all profits, over and above actual operating expenses, in escrow.

Stocks affected by the decision advanced one to four or five points in the local market. National Pacific has been selling pretty actively at 4½ cents. Midway Northern was traded in at as high as 20 cents, and the bid for the stock was higher at times. Maricopa Northern is stronger in tone. United Oil, although not directly under the influence of the favorable news, shared in the improvement, which extended to the general market.

High-priced oil issues have been quiet. Union is a shade easier. Amalgamated has strengthened, owing to an increase in the company's production. Associated shows little or no

change. Regular dividends have been declared at usual rates by Amalgamated, West Coast and Caribou oil companies. Western Union Oil Company recently paid its sixty-fifth dividend, having disbursed since the inception of its career in excess of \$700,000. Prospects are that Union Oil Company's summer dividend at the rate of 2 per cent. will not be paid until about August 1.

There has been backing and filling in Los Angeles Investment, but no important changes in its position. The remainder of the industrials has revealed only slight changes. Mining issues are a trifle more active, principally Consolidated Mines, at 4 cents.

Bank issues and bonds are unchanged and dull.

Except for the easier tone in foreign exchange, which will tend to inhibit further gold shipments to Europe, the money market is featureless. Fundamental conditions are still encouraging, especially in regard to the crop situation.

George Goldsmith's New Quarters

Following the wake of so many high-class tailoring establishments in the eastern cities the George Goldsmith tailoring house has moved into handsome new quarters on the second floor of the Meredith building at 620-622 South Spring street, directly across from the former location. The fine light afforded, airy rooms and artistic appointments render the new rooms most attractive and in them Mr. Goldsmith will be pleased to receive the friends won by him in the years he has given to their sartorial requirements. His fine stock of summer patterns will please the most fastidious dresser.

017972.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Frank C. Prescott, Jr., whose post-office address is 442 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 7th day of March, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017972, to purchase the NE¼, Section 6, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 28th day of July, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR May 6, 1914.

Orig. 013491. Addn'l 015422. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that James T. L. Harris of Westgate, California, who, on July 3, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 013491, for Lot 5, Sec. 31, Tp. 1 S., R. 18 W., S. B. M. and on April 28, 1912, made additional homestead entry No. 015422, for the NW¼, Section 31, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. M., has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 25th day of June, 1914, at 9 a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Lewis K. Harris, of Westgate, Cal.; Jacob Horton, of Soldiers' Home, Cal.; Albert Q. Perry, of Westgate, Cal.; Ernest J. Douglas, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., April 24, 1914.

021600. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Louis Hacker, whose post-office address is Box 1849, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 23rd day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021600, to purchase the S½ SW¼, and W½ SE¼, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 17,

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 13, 1914.

017972.

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Frank C. Prescott, Jr., whose post-office address is 442 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 7th day of March, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017972, to purchase the NE¼, Section 6, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 28th day of July, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 16, 1914.

019918. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Laura Gertrude Kincaid, whose post-office address is R. F. D. No. 4, Box 579, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 19th day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019918, to purchase the NW¼, SW¼, Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone at \$50.00 and the land at \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 21st day of July, 1914, before the Reg-

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NAME.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
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J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
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I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000
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S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

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N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

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H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

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S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

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ister and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Take easy walks on the floor of the valley—

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Ride over the trails on sure-footed mules or drive on the floor of the valley in easy carriages—

Fish for trout within a quarter of a mile of camp, or go twenty miles in the mountains after them—

Or you can just loaf—sit in a camp chair or lie in a hammock—eat and sleep—and be glad that you are there—

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Books



—Yes, indeed! I would just as much think of going on my vacation without plenty of books as I would of going without my tramping boots—

—Why—it's the Book time of the whole year to me—

—Vacation time for the body—
—It isn't fair if it isn't made vacation time for the mind as well—

—And Listen! I don't believe in vacations that one uses simply to loll around and luxuriate in indolence—

—Vacation to me means—
“Change of Activity” — not “Change to Idleness”—

—That's “Vacation Time for the mind”—

—But the book must be a real book—a book with real thought—a book that expresses Personality, Individuality through an Idea, or an Interpretation—
—Not just a Pleasant Pass-the-time-away story—

—It must be a Book that calls my mind to activity along new lines—this vacation book of mine—Same as the mountains—the high air—the Pines—the Pure, Fresh, Cool, Rich Water call my body to the tramp—

—I believe in getting up into those great high mountains, among those wonderful pines, into that clear, penetrating, invigorating atmosphere that stimulates almost to intoxication—

—I believe in “high altitudes” that make the red corpuscles fairly leap to activity to supply the “Food for Energy” that is fairly irresistible—

—I believe in walking, and fishing, and tramping to the nth degree—and then in “the Glorious Resting”—in the Hammock, under that great drooping comfort tree, in the sunlit shade, by the whispering brook—with a book—

—I used to pick out the most exciting light reading I could find—

—It wasn't satisfying—

—My mind wanted work—a change of work—It wanted to get right down into the experience of other years and other minds—

—It wanted Real Books—

—So last year I had them—

—And this year I have them again—

—I didn't use my own judgment in choosing them, either—

—I went to a Real Book store for them—

—I went to that New Book store at Bullock's—

—And asked for information, and suggestions—and you should see how many I received, and with what enthusiasm—

—I'm not going to tell you of them here—not of all of them
—Just a few—

—But I am going to suggest that you should certainly visit that New Book Store at Bullock's and see what a splendid—worth while—“Opportunity” Book Store it is—

—And I'm going to suggest that you select your vacation Books as I selected mine—

—Gilbert Parker's new novel, “You Never Know Your Luck”—is the finest thing he has attempted since “The Right of Way”—and “Seats of the Mighty”—The story is painted on a broad big canvas and its colors are vari-hued, its outlines bold and atmosphere compelling—

—“Captivating Mary Carstairs” by Henry Harrison, author of *Qued* is already in its fourth edition and with reason—captivating is the true term which describes the spirited heroine,

and the story has all the charm which made “Qued” and “V V's Eyes” so phenomenally popular—Youth, wealth, steam yachts, moonlight and mystery, added to quick action, and quaint whimsical humor make for a combination not to be resisted—

—“The Marryers” is described by the author, Irving Bachelor thusly—“A book for the unmarried, the over married, the slightly married, and for all young people who have parents to bring up”—Isn't that sufficiently delightful and different to make you want to read it? Especially when you recall the delicious humor of “Keeping up With Lizzie”—

—Do you suppose it is possible that the people of other climes and countries could be, and are, more alive to the works and wonders of our own America, than we who are in, and of it? When Mary Antin wrote “The Promised Land”, I felt it was a somewhat needed spur to our patriotism and the advent of her second book, “They Who Knock at our Gates”—I am constrained to wonder if the Immigrants who come among us don't see much to which we are blind—At any rate read the new book—It deserves to be called “Great”—

—“The World's End,” by Amelie Rives, is another Virginia story, which fairly blooms with the beauty of the South, and is the usual fantastic, fascinating and somewhat abnormally clever story, which winds up in a triumphant flare of happiness, but a book worth the reading, if for nothing more than to catch the bits of charming humor by which the pages are so often lighted—

—“The Price of Love” by Arnold Bennett has to do with

clever situations, feminine women, manly men, written in the usual inimitable Bennett style—That you will want to read it, goes without the saying—I was so pleased to find a book by William John Hopkins, called “Barbary Stoke”—If you remember “The Clammer,” (and if you ever read it you do remember it) to be told that it is by the same author, will be a good and sufficient reason for reading Mr. Hopkins last pen creation, but if not, you will wish to know that it is a really exquisite little love story, so beautifully told, for this same Mr. Hopkins is a stylist, and so surrounded by quiet delicate art, that when you finish its three hundred pages, you have somewhat the feeling that you have just seen a lovely, delicately painted picture—

—And then there are other books—some of them I've selected particularly for very particular days—when I am in the right mood—“The American Commonwealth,” by Bryce; Roosevelt's “Autobiography”; and a collection of subjects from “The Home University Library”—

—There are just dozens of titles—on almost every worth while subject imaginable—by competent authors—and the price is 50c the volume—

—But—let us go to Bullock's Book Store Monday—we can see so much more in so much less time than we can imagine by talking about it—

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